

IKE SWIFT AGAIN THIS WEEK.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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Price, 10 Cents.



MABEL GILMAN.

AMERICAN BEAUTY, NOW IN PARIS, SAID TO BE ENGAGED TO A FRENCH NOBLEMAN.



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RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, December 8, 1906.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
BILLY RHODES, A Welterweight Boxer.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Jack Wright, the half-mile champion runner in 1902, is back on the path after honors.

Baron Grattan has reduced his record to 2.03½, being the most consistent fast pacer of the year.

C. K. G. Billings is riding halves faster than a minute over the New York speedway behind Blacklock.

Audubon Boy, the famous pacer, failed in his effort to break the world's record, but paced a mile in 2:02½, at Phoenix, Ariz., recently.

A young black pacing stallion by Titus at Los Angeles recently worked four heats for Walter Mahen in 2:08½, 2:08½, 2:05½ and 2:04½.

The veteran Arlie Latham will be a manager instead of an umpire next year. He has a job with Sharon in the Ohio-Pennsylvania League.

Ed Geers will stable at Memphis this winter. Two very promising youngsters have recently been added to his string. They are John Cadwell, 2:08½, and Lucretia, 2:14½.

The record of 9 3-5 seconds for 100 yards, made by Dan J. Kelly at Spokane, Wash., on June 23 last, has been approved by the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, and will stand as a world's record.

The famous Little Old New York Team, Root and Folger, winners of last year's International six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York, have again teamed up and will make another bid for the big cycling prize at the races which begin on Dec. 10.

WANTED PHOTOGRAPHS

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IN THE

Police Gazette.

Athletic Teams
Of all Kinds.

Army and Navy
Pictures.

RUNNERS, JUMPERS, WALKERS,
SWIMMERS, SKATERS, ETC.

Vaudevillians and
Actresses in Costume,

In fact, anything
that is Interesting.

IF YOU HAVE A CHALLENGE SEND
IT IN WITH YOUR PHOTO.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
New York City.

THEATRICAL FACTS—

WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

—FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who
Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

LET POLICE GAZETTE READERS KNOW ABOUT YOU

All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves
and Photos in Character For Publication on This Page.

Clema and Cassels are doing nicely with the Black Patti Show.

Tommy Hayes, musical performer, reports making a big success recently in Cleveland, O. He is booked solid for twenty weeks.

The Sisters Wood, Georgie Lee and Louise Francine, are in the chorus of James Bonnell's "Humpty Dumpty" Company.

Charles E. and Bertha Taylor will hereafter be known as Taylor and Williams, so that they can be distinguished from other teams of that name.

Joseph Allenton has been engaged for leading support with Lisle Leigh, in her dramatic playlet, "Kid Gloved Nan," now playing the Keith & Proctor circuit.

Harry Braham, in his sketch characters from Dickens and "one hundred faces," is playing a successful vaudeville tour. He has lately played on the Shea circuit.

Billy Allen and Josie Bright are meeting with success with the Greater New York Stars. Mr. Allen reports that his new comedy, "A Romantic Marriage," is a big hit.

Carle Cooke, blackface singing and dancing comedian, is arranging time in the Western circuits, including the Orpheum circuit. In April of next year, Mr. Cooke writes that he will have a big novelty singing and dancing act, which he has just finished for the park circuits for next Summer.

Bissonnette and Newman, a very clever athletic team of reputation, have introduced a new act this season, entitled "The West Point Athletic Cadets."

Marvel Princeton is now with Marlowe, Plunkitt & Company playing the Keith circuit.

Sydney Dale, male soprano, is closing the olio with Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels, and reports with great success.

Sanford and Besly have joined hands after being separated for eight years, and will introduce a comedy blackface act, known as "Nan Itley's Party."

Fanny Rice, who recently underwent a slight operation in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Hospital, is again playing in vaudeville, having entirely recovered.

Ethel West is with the Delmer Stock Company, at the Delmer Theatre, Springfield, Mo., doing her specialty and playing parts. She reports meeting with success.

A. W. (Jack) Ellis, who is with Liebler's production of "The Squaw Man," while playing Peoria recently, was made a member of local lodge, No. 40, of the T. M. A.

Kelly and Bertha, who are on the Olsen Bijou circuit through Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, are meeting with success. They are working East, and will appear at Keith's.

Kraft and Myrtle, the Two Newsies, report success with their new comedy singing and dancing sketch. They will open on J. E. Jackson circuit, and are booked until March 12, 1907.

Victor and his Royal Venetian Band, after an absence of about eighteen weeks from New York, which were spent throughout the West and part of the Southern States, under the personal direction of Leonard Victor, giving concerts and meeting with success.



MAY L. BELL.

Her Xylophone Solo Has Made This Charming Little Lady Famous in Vaudeville.

They are playing it for the first time on the Interstate circuit, and report meeting with wonderful success. They were one of the feature acts last Summer with B. E. Gregory's fireworks spectacle, "Moscow." The act is booked far ahead.

REAL PHYSICAL CULTURE

Can be learned from Prof. Ittmann's great book, which is No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette Office, New York City.

has returned to New York, where he has several important vaudeville dates to fill, and then, beginning at Wilmington, Del., Dec. 31, and going South again until May, 1907.

Miss May L. Bell, musical comedienne, is an artiste well known in dramatic and vaudeville circles, and the photo on this page represents her in the act of performing a very difficult feat, viz: dancing a cake walk while playing the smallest xylophone used on the stage. Miss Bell is now under the sole management of Gus Bothner, owner of Hoyt's "A

Bunch of Keys," and is an attraction with the above company, playing the best of theatres from coast to coast for the next forty weeks.

Louis A. Rashman, the German comedian and late manager of M. J. Krause's attractions, is now



MABEL DEFOREST.

She and Dan Sherman Are Making Good in a New and Pleasing Headliner Act.

with Fred Wright's musical comedy, "The Beauty Doctor," playing the Dutchman. The company is under the management of Hyland & Philbrick.

Nan Engleton and Company were hurriedly engaged to take the place of the headliners, Jules and Ella Garrison, at Keith & Proctor's Theatre, Newark, N. J., recently, and scored a big hit.

The American Newsboys' Quartette have resigned from "The Phantom Detective Company," and are going West to appear in vaudeville over the same route played by them last season.

Benjamin Holdingsfeld, of Cincinnati, in conjunction with H. J. Hale, of New York, has purchased a large plot of ground in Cleveland upon which, it is said, a vaudeville theatre will be built.

Johnnie Bush, Jr., and his father have issued a novel advertising device in the form of a theatrical alphabet, with each letter referring to themselves or to some phase of the business in their line.

Chester A. Keyes, juvenile comedian and character impersonator, is working a few vaudeville dates in and around Pittsburgh. He reports great success with his new monologue and impersonations.

Ollie Young and Brother closed a successful season with Ringling Brothers' Shows, Nov. 29, and immediately opened on the Orpheum circuit, at Salt Lake City, with the entire circuit of the Western houses to follow.

The Crescent City Quartette (Arthur Fulton, Fred Long, Spike Robertson and O. E. Keenan) is with Al W. Martin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company as one of the featured specialties, and is taking several encores nightly.

Lew Palmer, the mimic, who recently closed on the Sullivan & Conside circuit, is playing the L. L. circuit through California. At the expiration of his contract he will immediately play a return for Sullivan & Conside.

O'Neil's Majestic Minstrels have completed their Eastern time, comprising twenty-three weeks, and are now going West, being headlined and booked solid until May, after which they will return East to play Summer engagements.

Lillian Franklin, a contralto singer, who recently closed a tour of the Pacific coast, covering a period of twenty-four weeks, was engaged by Weber & Rush to play the principal boy part with their Bon Ton Burlesque Company, for the rest of the season.

THE AMBITIOUS MIXOLOGIST

Will be able to mix drinks if he has the New Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, the best of its kind. Price 25 cts.; postage 5 cts. extra. It is written by Charley Mahoney.

BRIDGE AND WHIST BY "ACE" IS THE MOST CAREFULLY PREPARED BOOK ON THESE GAMES EVER PRINTED

STORIES OF A HOT SPORT

No. 5.



SHE was a manicure, and she was as pretty and dainty as a manicure ought to be. She was fair and blonde—the fairness and blondness of far-away Norway—and she was good to look at and good to talk to. Of course, being a manicure she had plenty of opportunities and more or less time to be a sport, and the fact that she wasn't was to her credit. If she had eaten half the dinners and luncheons to which she had been invited, most of her time would have been spent at the table, and she would have been dead of indigestion inside of three months. The average man's affection makes itself manifest, you know, in the shape of a feed for the object of his adoration. It's a racial trait common among educated whites, and there is just about as much sense in it as there

is in the wooing of the Zulu who stuns the girl he loves and then carries her off to his bungalow. If he gets home with her before her relatives head him off she is his as long as he cares to keep her. If not, he generally has his block knocked off by way of retaliation, and the lady takes a seat under the shade of a coconut tree waiting for another black athlete armed with a club.

Dorothy had come from the country where a lot of other nice girls come from, and in the early days she had gone to a variety show which was making a one night stand in the town of her birth, and been fascinated with the glamor of life behind the scenes. She thought behind the scenes was a bit better than the view from over the footlights, and that's where a lot of girls make a most serious mistake.

She had gone home duly impressed with the show, however, and had taken to practicing high kicking as the shortest road to fame and fortune. She was there with the limber leg all right and could come pretty near to kicking the globe off the chandelier when one evening her foot caught and she hung there like a herring until the folks ran in and rescued her from a most embarrassing and unladylike position. Her sister said afterwards that she never had any idea that Dorothy had such a cute little figure.

With hardly enough money to last her in New York a minute unless she was careful, Dorothy, with everything she owned packed neatly in a little black bag, headed for the Metropolis with a most wonderful determination to make her own way in the world. She made up her mind that she knew her business and she was going to be an actress, then get with a show that played her town, and give the folks an exhibition of her talents.

But you know this old, very old, story, and all that is necessary here is to say that in three weeks Dorothy dropped from 135 to 117 pounds, and as a weight loser had Young Corbett beaten a mile. Then, if any time, was when she needed someone to show a little affection in the shape of an invitation to a hash foundry, but being an independent young woman, it is scarcely likely she would have accepted, but would have preferred to have dropped off a few more pounds and then died romantically of starvation for honor's sake. If this was repeated on the stage here is where the audience would be expected to applaud. Look at the realistic and pathetic picture which could be painted here.

Beautiful young woman growing thinner day by day—that is, she makes up a little more every time she has a chance to exit. Swell villain, with a black mustache, of course, says: "Think of the juicy lamb chops I told you about yesterday; to-day I offer you a Spanish omelet and a slaughter house steak; how about it?"

"Never," she cries, "I will die first."

"Think of the chunk of corned beef you might be tearing into now if you would only marry me."

"No, I would sooner have my honor and die standing than have a grilled lobster with fresh mushrooms and be your bride."

Can you imagine that on the Bowery?

Why, Al Woods' "Queen of the White Slaves" wouldn't be one, two, three with it, and they'd have to put vaseline on the sides of the doors so the people wouldn't be torn to pieces getting in.

But that's a long way from this particular story, although the truth is that Dorothy was so much on the level that she really couldn't get along in a big town. She ought to have stayed home and married some nice big yep who would have folded her in a pair of arms like Jeff's and taken care of her the rest of her life. She could have had a bully time feeding the chickens and taking care of the kids, and in about ten years she would have looked like the advertisement for an obesity cure.

She was about down and out when she saw a card in the window of a barber shop.

"Manicure Wanted; apply within."

She was no manicure, and all she knew about the graft was what she had learned attending to her own nails, but when the tightest belt you own sags around the waist you're liable to take all kinds of chances and say a great many things that you don't mean. So she pulled her nerve together, went in and applied for the job, and because she was nice looking it came to her as easy as if it had been made to order. She told a beautiful little fairy story about losing the bag which held all her manicure tools, and the boss staked her to a set. Then she took a seat at the glass-topped table and waited for the first customer to show up. If she hadn't been Dorothy, here is where she would have lost out, for the man who broke the ice for her didn't look as if he would stand for an amateur monkeying with his

RED DOES A VIRTUOUS TRICK IN A RESTAURANT AND MAKES A HIT.

By IKE SWIFT.

digits. To tell the truth it was a bum job, but she handed him such a fine line of talk that she interested him, and when she was working the buffer overtime to give him a high polish, he leaned over and asked casually:

"How about lunch to-day, Babe?"

"I'm not allowed to go out for lunch," she answered, very prettily, and he wasn't offended, but gave her a half dollar tip. When he went she looked at the coin so hard that she almost had strabismus, and to put you wise that I know what I'm talking about I'll tell you that strabismus is a defect due either to undue contraction or to undue relaxation of one or more of the muscles which move the eyeball; in other words squinting or cross-eye.

It was just at this point her luck began to turn, for the man who is willing to enjoy the luxury of having

He blew in a dollar and she wouldn't have cared if it had only been nineteen cents, so long as she was with him. She had it so bad that she couldn't think of anything but "Harry" and she had his name scribbled over everything she had that could be written on.

Harry managed to save up a few dollars and then he took her out for a big time along the line, which meant a great deal more than she thought at the start. They dined in state in the restaurant adjoining a well-known sporting resort on Broadway, and he didn't fail to start things going by throwing a couple of Dry Martinis into her before the soup came on. She hadn't been used to anything like that, and before the soup was finished she was not only affectionate but garrulous. The world began to look different to her and her animation attracted the attention of the other diners in the place. A pint of wine brought the color into her cheeks with



ONE EVENING WHEN SHE WAS PRACTICING HIGH KICKING HER FOOT CAUGHT ON THE CHANDELIER AND SHE HAD TO BE RESCUED.

his nails manicured can usually afford a tip, and on that point he never fails to make good. By practicing on her customers, who were indulgent, she learned very rapidly, and it wasn't long before she was an expert and could do a job that was at last worth the money.

When she stepped on the scales she balanced the beam at 120 and she began to walk with her head up in the air and to feel that she was getting there at last, even though it wasn't by way of the high kick route via the stage. Then along came the candy ten-dollar a week kid with the red tie, who landed her the first jump out of the box without half trying, and who made her think of a cosy flat for two with all the comforts of home on the side. He was a slip, fly young geezer who didn't have enough affection to last him over night and who was so stuck on himself that he used to right about in front of plate glass windows and see if his face was on straight.

He took her to a couple of ten-twenty-thirty shows and had her going so that she was wishing she had a locket so she could wear his photograph around her neck and look at it sixteen or seventeen times a day, and when he said lunch to her one day she almost lost one of her best customers by giving him a hurry-up job.

LEARN TO DEFEND YOURSELF.

No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library is a good instructor. James J. Corbett is the author. Write to this office for it; 13 cents in stamps brings it promptly to you by mail.

a rush, and that nightmare of the past was as completely forgotten as if it had never existed.

"How do you like it, Kid?" he asked.

"All right, ain't it?" she answered; "I am having the time of my life."

"Well, you stick to me and I'll make a sport of you," "I'll stick all right."

It was the beginning of a new phase of life for her, and she was like one who had stepped suddenly out of a darkened room into the bright and almost blinding sunlight and gazed upon fields, flowers and blue sky for the first time in years. The subtle influence which was gradually creeping over her was numbing her moral senses and making those things which before had appeared wrong, most ordinary and divested of all evil.

It was a crisis.

She lifted her glass up unsteadily, spilled some of the wine and then laughed.

Then he leaned over to her and whispered. She drew back a moment while the laugh died away, but it was only for an instant and then she was laughing again and he was urging.

Here was a play in real life, and the two principals were so engrossed with their parts that they forgot there was an audience.

As he talked she listened, but all the while, even though she was smiling, she kept shaking her head in the negative.

Kid Allen, boxer in the lightweight division, and who was looked upon as a corner because he had seven

knockouts, four decisions and two draws to his credit, was being staked to a feed by his new manager, Red Remington—the guy with the typewriter name. They were bargaining at a table near the window and there was a deadlock over percentages.

"I get 50 per cent. of all the coin," remarked Red, "or it's all off; if you ain't satisfied with that you can manage yourself and be a mixed ale fighter all your life. And I'll give you another tip, Kid, if you don't do business with me you don't do business with anyone, and you'll have a hell of a time getting a fight."

All the while he was talking he was looking across the room at a blonde girl and her companion who were evidently out for the time of their lives.

"She's getting her little load, all right," remarked the Kid, ignoring for the moment the question of managerial divvy. "If she don't look out she'll wake up in a strange dump in the morning."

"She's in wrong, all right," declared Red, "and somebody ought to butt in and break that combination up."

"Take thirty-five per cent., Red, and I'll sign a contract with you right away."

"Fifty or nothing. Cut it in half for me or else hustle for yourself. Look, she nearly fell out of the chair that time."

"Will you pay expenses out of your end?"

"Nix; expenses come out of both ends—we cut the gross or nothing. I'll bet a hundred to one he's doped the girl."

She was trying to pull herself to her feet and the odds that she would make it without help were against her.

"Ha, Bill." It was the waiter Red had called. "See that guy over there with the little blonde? Well, slip over and tell him that a friend of his wants to see him in the cafe for a minute. Make it good and strong, and if he asks for the name tell him you forgot it, see?"

The waiter trotted over and delivered his message and it evidently went all right, for the girl settled down in the chair and the young fellow got up and walked in the direction of the bar, followed by Red.

"Hallo, sport," said Red, when they had passed through the swinging doors; "how's tricks?"

"You've got the best of me," was the answer, "where did I ever see you before?"

"You never saw me before, I guess, but that won't interfere with you and me having a little drink, will it?"

"It wouldn't if I didn't have a date on for to-night—girl's in the other room now; see you some other time," and he was turning away when Red took hold of his coat sleeve.

"Come on, let's take a walk," and he gave him a short, sharp jerk in the direction of the street door that almost took him off his feet. "You got a date with me, and you'll have to cut the other one out; are you on?"

Inside of two minutes they were outside and Red was handing him a bunch of talk without any chance of an argument.

"Don't ask me any questions," he was saying; "she's a friend of mine, and that's enough. I know her brother, don't I, and the whole family, and you'll take twenty-three for yours and take it quick. You want to be nice about it, too, for you're on the wrong street to go putting up an argument. I don't know where you hang out, but I know it ain't here. There's nothing in there that belongs to you, or nothing that you've even got a mortgage on, take it from me; so run along while you can walk, son, and be happy that you're getting away with your face on straight. Don't worry about the check or nothing like that and I guess the girl will be better off with me than she will with you, because you're both sussed for fair."

All the while he was talking he kept handing out a promiscuous assortment of delicate jabs and punches in the ribs and stomach to emphasize his remarks and while they were easy yet they were hard enough to make the recipient feel that it wouldn't take much provocation to have a few stiffer ones sent to the same places. It was that, probably, more than anything else, that clinched the argument.

"That's a swell way to steal a gal, Red," said the Kid, when he returned.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you talked too much?"

"Didn't talk win me a fight once when I kidded Jimmy Driscoll so that he lost his nut and I put him out in two punches?" asked the Kid, indignantly.

Red laughed and walked over to the table where the girl was sitting, waiting.

"Hallo, Sis," he began, with the assurance of a fellow who is wise to all kinds of games. "That sport that was with you has flew the coop—blown out, you know. I guess he didn't have the price of this feed in his jeans, and he asked me if I couldn't come in and take you home. This ain't no place for a nice little gal like you, anyhow, and you don't want to mix with a mob like this. Suppose your folks was to get a look in here at you now. You see, I ain't got any folks and so I don't care where I am; and, besides, I'm a fellow, so it don't make so much difference, but if I had folks and one of them was a sister, I wouldn't want to know that she was here, see? You know how it is; I don't want to hurt your feelings, nor nothing like that; but say—" He was over his head by this time, because this was a new proposition for him, and he couldn't stand her steady gaze. As he said afterwards, if she had only put up an argument he would have had a chance for a come-back with a line of talk, but she was mute as a graven image. He fidgeted around in his chair, and when he looked at her again there were two big tears in her eyes.

He reached over and laid his hand on her arm.

"Come on, Sis, let's beat it."

"All right," she said, simply, "I'm ready."

He took her home in a hansom cab, and when he got back he found the Kid waiting for him.

"Nice gal, that," he remarked, with a grin.

"Shut your face," said Red, savagely, "or I'll hand you the punch I ought to have given to that guy who brought her here."

Ike Swift.

Ike Swift's new book, "Sketches of Gotham," is now ready, and if you want the crack-a-jack of the year you had better send for it now. The price is \$1.00, but it's worth about double. Postage 10 cents extra, or your newsdealer can get it for you.

IKE SWIFT'S NEW BOOK, "SKETCHES OF GOTHAM," IS NOW READY—PRICE \$1.00, POSTAGE 10 CENTS EXTRA



MARIE YOUNG, "THE BURGLAR AND THE WAIF."



Photo by Otto Sarony: New York.

DOHERTY SISTERS, A PAIR OF VAUDEVILLE BEAUTIES WHO ARE FAMOUS.



IDA MAY CHADWICK, OF THE RENOWNED CHADWICK TRIO.



SAHARET, THE DIVINE, WHO CAN DANCE BEAUTIFULLY.

HERE THEY ARE.

A NICE PAGE OF NICE YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE AS CHARMING AS THEY CAN BE.



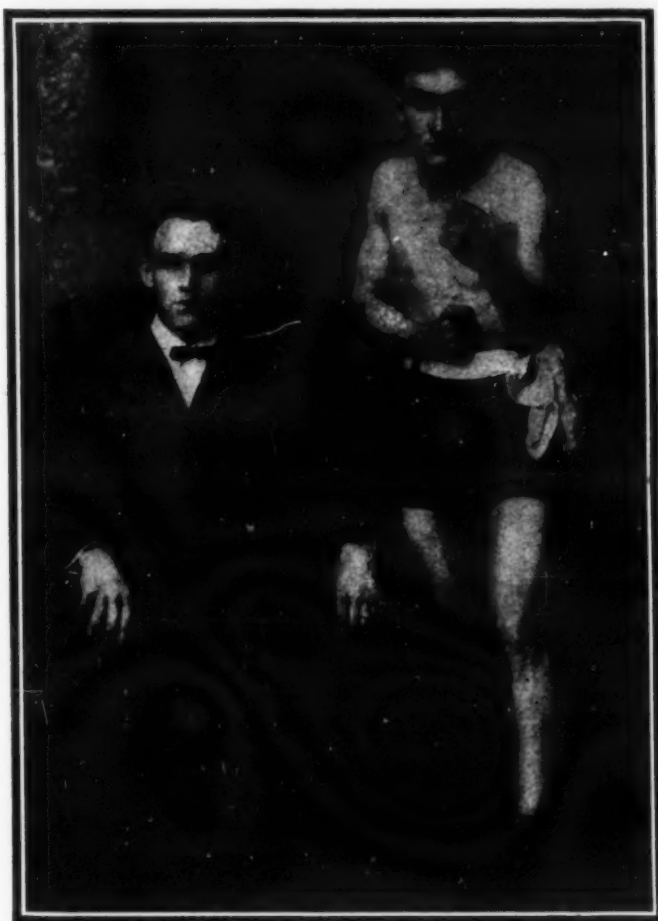
THE SHIP'S TEAM.

CRACK BASEBALL PLAYERS OF THE U. S. S. MAINE, WHO HAVE MET AND DEFEATED MANY GOOD TEAMS DURING THE PAST SEASON.



"SNOW."

A FINE 56-POUND FIGHTING BULL OWNED BY THE BOURBON KENNELS, LOUISVILLE, KY.



JOHNNY RICHTERKESSING.

CHAMPION 108-POUND BOXER OF LOUISVILLE, AND HIS MANAGER, YOUNG HART.



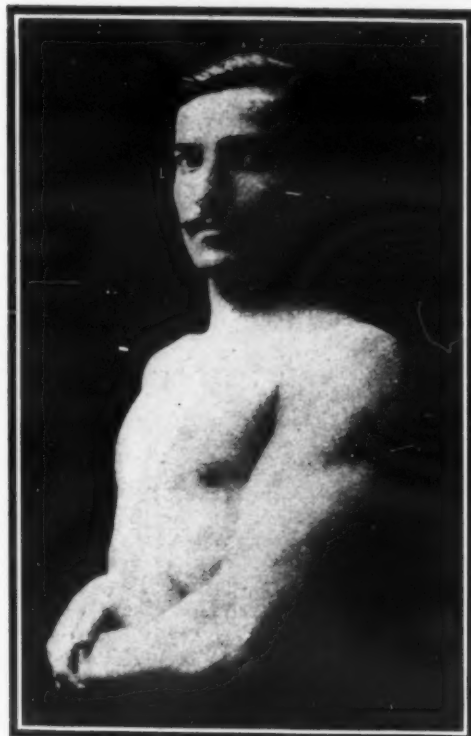
T. C. RATTY AND MIKE.

A GOOD SPORT OF BALTIMORE, MD., AND HIS BRITISH BULL DOG.



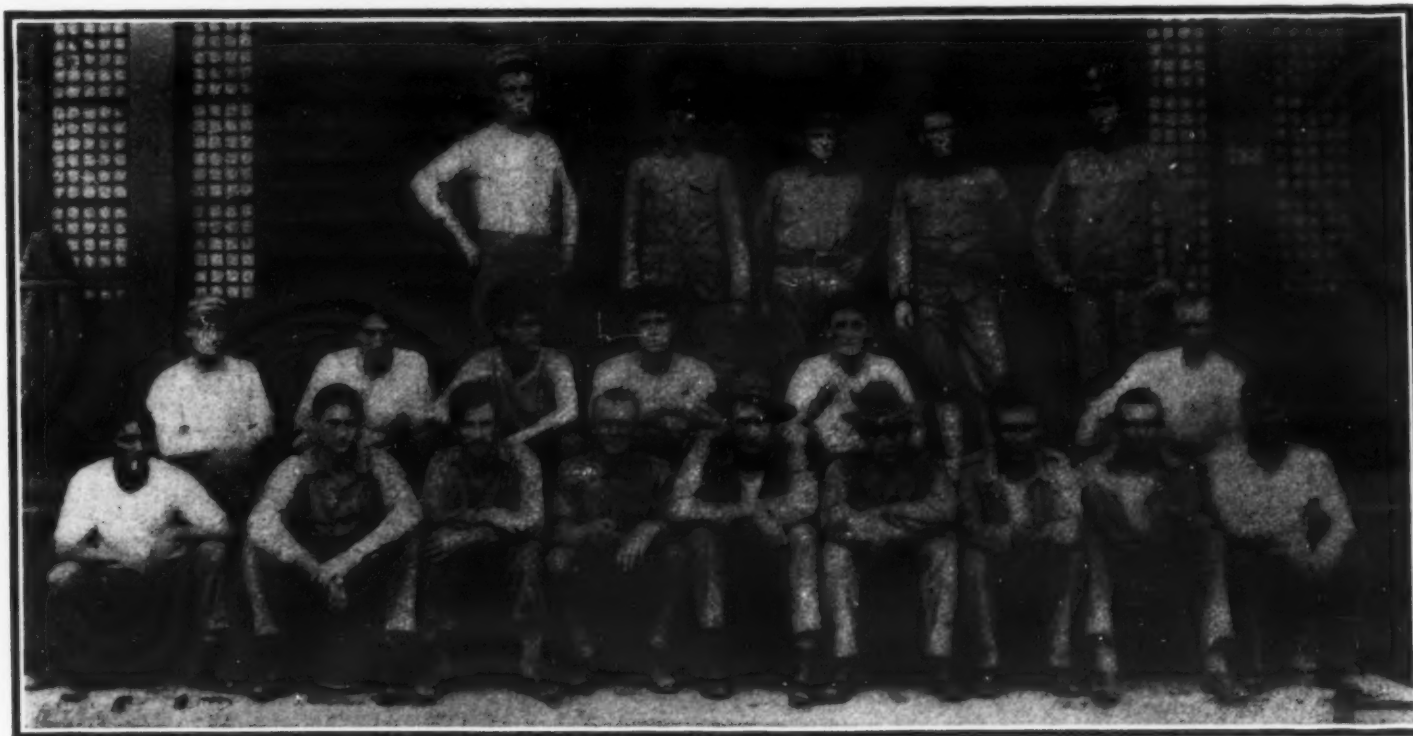
THE STRONG ZELLOS.

HE MADE A BACK LIFT OF 2,966 POUNDS AT AUSTEN & STONE'S MUSEUM, BOSTON.



JAMES J. COOK.

BARBER AND ATHLETE OF THE LAFAYETTE BATHS, N. Y.



FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF CO. K, OF THE 13TH U. S. INFANTRY, AFTER A BIG HIKE IN THE FAR EAST--THEY ARE A FINE LOT OF WELL TRAINED ATHLETES.

THIRSTY HOBOS

ALL EAGER TO TAKE A LONG CHANCE WERE AFTER

SCIENTIFIC DRINKS

They Were Willing to be Experimented on by the
Chemist for the United States Government.

DIDN'T REALLY CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM

As Soon as the Announcement was made the Wandering Tribes all Headed
for Washington so as to Get on the Job Quickly.

Probably Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., did not know that hobos, stationary and peripatetic, read the newspapers. He knows it now.

Dr. Wiley, an urbane though not a cautious man, announced some time ago that he was about to enter upon a series of experiments to ascertain the exact effects of alcohol upon the human stomach. Last year he tried boracic acid and other food preservatives upon a husky bunch of young fellows, who came to be known as the poison squad, and who were willing to take a chance on any old kind of acid properly mingled up with food that they weren't required to pay for.

Dr. Wiley had to do a bit of hunting around last year to organize his poison squad, but he didn't have any bother in assembling his poison squad this year, with alcohol as the bait.

In announcing his contemplated experiments he allowed it to be understood that he would try on his victims all the standard brands of whiskies, brandies, gins, rums, cordials, wines, beers and ales. In less than two days after the announcement was printed in the newspapers, the tip got out all over hoboland that Washington was going to be a pretty soft place in which to put in the approaching winter.

Hobos at once began to drop in on Dr. Wiley at his office. Dr. Wiley is polite and for two days running he received the candidates for the alcohol test. He's quit it now.

There was a messenger armed with a heavy curtain roller stationed outside of Dr. Wiley's door, and the only way anybody could get to see the chief Government chemist was first to send the doctor a photograph by mail. The photograph was turned over to the messenger on guard, and if the messenger recognized you as the original of the photograph he would let you in. Otherwise he would wave the heavy curtain roller at you.

When Dr. Wiley reached his office in the Department of Agriculture on the morning following the announcement of the investigation, he found one of the candidates for a martyr's tomb waiting for him in the hall. This one had the general exterior of Roaming Riley, the Travelling Thirst, and he shuffled right into the office in the chemist's footsteps.

"Hey, Doc," he inquired, hoarsely, "is dis booze gag o' your'n on de level?"

"Please make your question a little clearer," suggested the chemist, who is something of a precisian and shy on colloquialisms. "What do you wish to know?"

"Dis suds t'ing," elaborated the chemist's red-nosed visitor. "Dis frame up I'm after readin' about where you're goin' t' try t' pickle a bunch o' rum eaters. How 'bout it? Does it go?"

Dr. Wiley started some evasive reply, to the effect that he had considered something of that sort, but that he hadn't entirely arranged the details, and that—

"Oh, Doc, let's begin now," put in the visitor, with an ingratiating grin on his face, and the chemist had to back into his private office and close the door before that candidate would take the hint and his departure.

An hour or so later another applicant for enlistment in the new poison squad shambled into the chemist's office. He was a thin, peaked one of the shabby genteel variety, albeit the sawdust of the last barrel house in which he had reclined still clung to parts of his raiment.

"Er—have I the distinction of addressing the famous Dr. Wiley?" he inquired as he shuffled up to the chemist's desk and rested his hands on the edge of it.

Dr. Wiley blushed and confessed to his name.

"Er—ah—hum—am I to suppose," grandiloquently went on the peaked one, impaling the wriggling chemist with his fishy eye, "that the reports which have reached me with reference to your projected experimentation with alcohol in its application to the human system—er—ah—hum—am I to suppose that these reports are accurate, or merely another specimen of the meretricious vaporings of a lying press?"

Dr. Wiley stated that he himself had given out the printed statement, and the newspapers had quoted him correctly.

"Then, sir," said the peaked one with a flourish and a toss of his mane, "I am with you heart and soul in your generous and praiseworthy effort toward the advancement of the cause of humanity. Heedless of the advice, nay, the tears of my relatives and friends, I resign myself into your hands, well assured, as I am, that—"

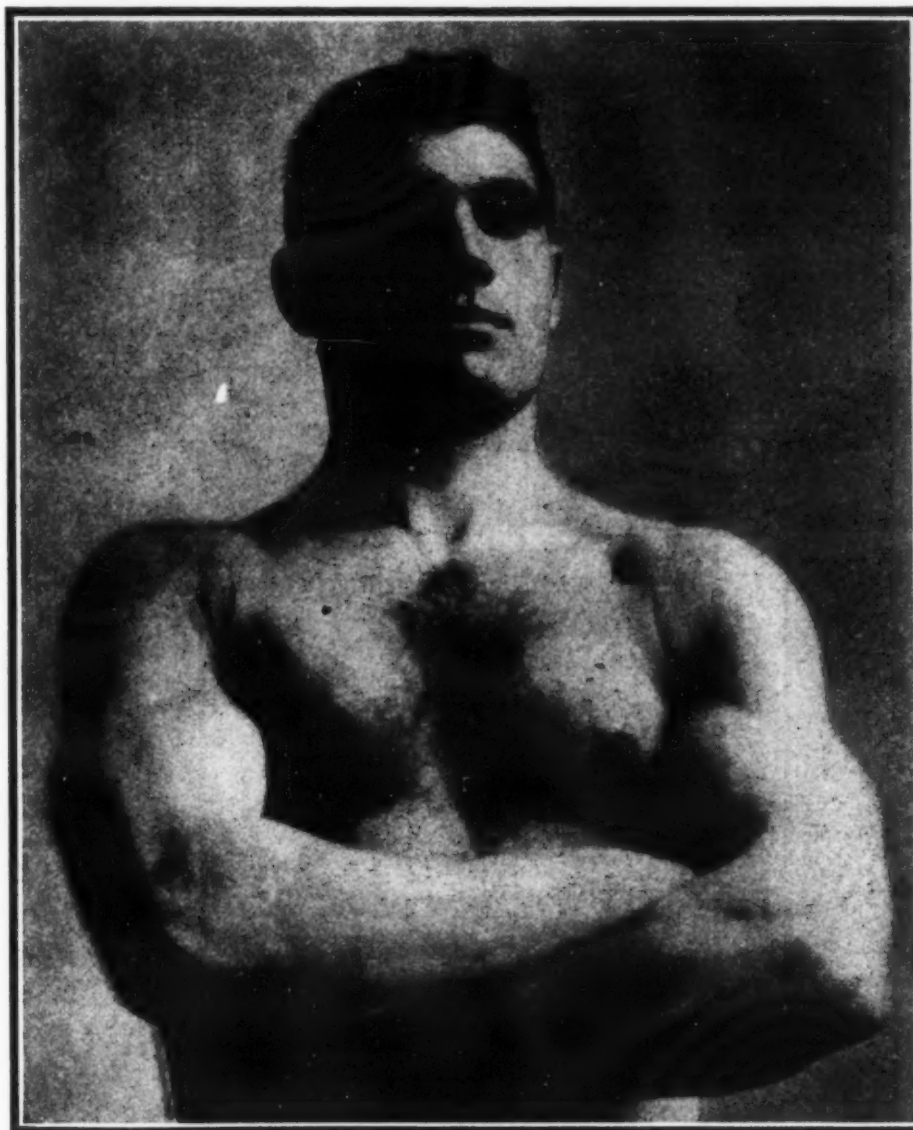
"What part do you propose taking in the experiment I have in mind?" somewhat dryly inquired the chemist.

"The most difficult part of all, sir," promptly replied the peaked one. "The part of one of the voluntary absorbers of the noxious and deadly drugs which men take into their systems, and—"

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd find that very hard work," put in the chemist, but his visitor took the observation so keenly to heart and threatened to become so resentful over it that Dr. Wiley had to duck back into his private office to get rid of that one, too.

After that the candidates slid along every half hour or so. One of them was a cheerful and chipper drunk who announced that his entire internal economy was composed of malleable and indestructible glass.

"It must be that, Doc," he explained, "because rum don't have no 'fect on me at all no more. I hain't been able t' git pickled right f'r more'n two year, an' you don't know how hard I've tried, neither. I can git kind o' a edge on, but as f'r goin' down an' out, nix, it hain't in th' kag f'r me no more. You try me an' see."



JOHN PERRILLI.

Challenges Anyone in America to Wrestle Him at 175 Pounds for a Side Bet.
He is Ready and Willing to Meet All Comers.

You may have a lot of booze aroun' here, but you can't git me soused. Betcha anythin' you can't. Dare you t' git me soused?"

Dr. Wiley didn't take the dare.

"I am very busy," he said, crackling some papers that lay on his desk, "and if you'll be good enough to excuse me—"

"Well, say, Doc," wheedlingly suggested the man with the glass lining, leaning over the desk, "if y' hain't a-goin' t' take me on, can't y' stake me t' two bits or somethin' f'r me trouble in comin' all the way up here?"

Dr. Wiley couldn't see any other way of getting rid of that one except by giving up the two bits.

A 300-pound brewery wagon driver out of a job wanted to have the quantity thing all straightened out and put on record before he'd commit himself as an out and out applicant for membership in the booze squad.

"I hear y'r goin' t' serve out beer t' y'r bunch," he said to the chemist as he leaned bulgingly over the latter's desk. "How much beer do they get apiece a day?"

"Well, I should suppose that seven or eight bottles apiece a day would be sufficient to enable me to carry on the investigation," replied the chemist.

"Seven or eight scuttles!" exclaimed the candidate, his face the picture of astonishment and chagrin. "Well, I'm on me way," and he started out. "W'y, THE BEST BOXING BOOK

Written by James J. Corbett, is No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library. There is no doubt but that it is the best on the market. Price 10 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

that wouldn't be enough for me t' brush me teet' wit' W'en I had me job at th' malt works I never covered less'n a hannered shells a day an' on hot days it'd take two hannered high hats t' keep me tonsils from dryin' up an' blowin' away. Six or seven or eight bottles a day, hey, says you? W'y say, I could lick up that much paregoric without feelin' it an' eat hot gingerbread atop of it," and that one lumbered out of the chemist's office with disappointment placarded all over him.

One of the applicants was a nervous little man who appeared to be flickering close to the invisible line of demarcation between hallucinations and the out and out jimjams.

"Of course I'll serve on your committee, sir," he said generously to Dr. Wiley before the chemist had a chance to state that he wasn't organizing his corps just yet, "but I'd like to have your promise as to one thing."

"What's that?" asked the chemist.

"This isn't any cure thing, is it?" inquired the nervous little man, looking furtively around the office. "It's not just a put up job to cure people of the liquor habit, I hope? After reading about this thing last evening I dreamed last night that the whole business was just a scheme of the Government's to stop folks from drinking liquor, and I dreamed that the liquor you intended to serve out would be doped with some of the cure stuff, and—"

"You wouldn't care to be cured of the drinking habit, then?" suggested Dr. Wiley, as the nervous little man was about to pass out.

"Well, you see," replied the candidate with all the solemnity in the world and without even the symptom of a smile, "I've already been cured fourteen times in the last nine years, and as between the cures and the booze I'll take the booze. Anyhow, I haven't got much left now except my thirst, and if I were to lose that where'd be the fun and what'd be the use?"

Dr. Wiley was compelled to stand mute under such profound philosophy.

It was toward the finish of the second day that Dr. Wiley concluded to station the messenger outside of

PUGILISTIC ITEMS.

Champion wrestler George Hackenschmidt is still taking lessons in the manly art.

Sam Berger, the California heavyweight, is now in business at San Francisco, Cal.

Jimmy Carr was defeated by Young Kloby in seven rounds at Salem, Mass., recently.

Al Kaufman was offered a match with Jack Johnson, but refused to meet the colored boxer.

Jack Madigan and Jack Reardon fought a hard eight round draw at Providence, R. I., recently.

Harry Lewis, the Philadelphia boxer, announces that he will quit the ring and go into business.

The grand jury of San Francisco is going to investigate the granting of boxing permits to the fight trust.

Unk Russell had the best of Kid Farmer in a six-round bout at the National A. C., Philadelphia, recently.

Billy Ryan recently knocked out Spike Robinson in nine rounds in a private battle in New York City.

Memsie and Neary, who fought at Los Angeles recently, played to \$3,100. Memsie got \$945 and Neary \$630.

Martin Duffy, the Chicago boxer, who was to meet Jimmy Gardner, has called the bout off on account of a broken rib.

The boxers in California have adopted Jack O'Brien's suggestion of wearing kid gloves instead of hand bandages under their gloves.

In all probability Gov. Hanley, of Indiana, will issue an order to all sheriffs of that State that will put an end to plans of fight promoters.

In view of the way Westerners are coming East for bouts, it looks as if the lifting of the lid in Chicago must have been a false alarm after all.

Tommy Daly, of New York, received the decision over Soldier Burns after fifteen rounds of fast boxing, at the Eutaw A. C., Baltimore, recently.

It begins to look as if Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, is now out of the championship race for keeps when it comes to discussing the welterweight title.

Rudolph Unholz boxed three friendly rounds with Battling Nelson in Milwaukee, Wis., recently, and Unholz made a good impression on the sports.

Tommy Stone, the New York boxer, and former amateur featherweight champion, is one of the busiest mitt artists. He made a hit with Philadelphia fight fans.

The bout between Tommy Feltz and Kid Beebe which was to have taken place at Chester, Pa., was called off on account of the opposition of the authorities.

In an interview with a "Police Gazette" representative, at Baltimore, Md., recently, Joe Gans stated that he would meet Battling Nelson again and then retire.

The boxing game is to be opened again at Allegheny City, Pa. the first of next year, and the promoters are trying to get Mike Schreck to meet Sam Langford in the opening show.

A new club has been organized in Rumford Falls, Me. known as the Pastime A. C., and it is the intention of the managers to give semi-monthly meetings, the chief entertainers to be boxers of ability.

NOT TALKING MUCH

About that book, Sketches of Gotham, by Ike Swift, even though it is on the market.

There are enough buyers who know what kind of stories there are in it to take the entire first edition.

Half of it is sold already, which is a record in the book business.

The orders are still coming in.

Have you sent yours?

One dollar gets a copy, and about a dime will cover the postage at present, and it's cheap at that.

RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

Halftone Photographs.

Thomas C. Ratty, manager of Kernan's Rathskeller, Baltimore, Md., is the owner of "Mike," a prize-winning British bull, of which he is justly proud.

The baseball team of the U. S. S. Maine has played many teams along the coast, leaving a remarkable record behind them. The line-up is as follows: Top row—1. Walliska, 2nd base; 2. Jones, s.s.; 3. Glassford, 1st base; 4. Hickey, manager; 5. Murphy, pitcher; 6. Koutnik, sub.; 7. Jenkins, r.f. Second row—8. Black, 3rd base; 9. Kinney, sub.; 10. Nichols, c.f.; 11. Abeud, sub.; 12. Kenna, l.f.; 13. Wintering, scorer; 14. Smith, pitcher; 15. McMahon, catcher; 16. Hugo, captain, pitcher; 17. Erickson, mascot.

AVOID CONSUMPTION.

It's very simple, if you will follow Prof. Ittmann's exercises in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette, New York.

BOUTS IN THE RING

-BY THE MANY MITT ARTISTS-

DURING THE WEEK

Promoters of the Various Boxing Clubs are Hustling
to Secure Desirable Ring Attractions.

SAM LANGFORD DEFEATS YOUNG PETER JACKSON

Tom Barry and Young Choynski Battle Unsatisfactory--Kid Goodman Wins Over
Tommy Daly--Joe Gregg and Kid Farmer Fight a Fast Draw.

Sam Langford, the New England boxer, scored a victory over his old rival, Young Peter Jackson, of Baltimore, on Nov. 21, in a fifteen-round bout at Rochester, N. Y. It is the Massachusetts man's third victory over the Baltimorean in a year and a half, in which time they also fought a five-round draw at Baltimore. Langford was the aggressor at all times in the fight, and had Jackson kept away from him long enough to give him a chance there might have been something more than a decision.

Langford and Jackson fought straight rules, hitting with one arm free in the clinches and each man protecting himself in the breakaways.

Langford appeared a bit more rangy and in better condition. The Boston man started blood from Jackson's nose and closed his opponent's left eye in the first round. In the second there was repeated clinching, and during the round Langford missed vicious straight arms that would have done damage.

The Boston man had the better of the third, Jackson taking punishment repeatedly. In the fourth a left swing by Langford sent Jackson against the post in his corner, and as soon as he stood up to it Langford landed a right and left to the head.

The fifth, sixth and seventh were tame. In the eighth Jackson fell down trying to get away from Langford, and in the ninth the Baltimorean was cautioned against butting Langford with his head. Jackson clinched many times in every round and made anything but a favorable impression. There were cries of "Langford, Langford," all over the house, even before the referee announced that the Boston man had won.

CAUGHT BARRY ON THE POINT.

Boxing bouts between local talent of San Francisco, Cal., has proved a success, and though the principals are not stars, they have attracted crowds. The show held at the Dreamland Pavilion recently was one of the best seen in a long time.

The final bout between Tom Barry and Young Choynski ended in a rather unsatisfactory manner, owing to the interference of the police sergeant who stopped the contest to save Barry from what he deemed unnecessary punishment. For two rounds the lightweight champion outpointed his opponent, but coming out of

two rounds. The blonde Winged O scrapper carried his heavier antagonist off his feet with his speed and scored a decisive victory.

Jim Ford made a game stand against Will Johnson, who outweighed him about ten pounds, and while the latter was more scientific he was pretty tired at the finish, and the judges declared it a draw.

Tommy Burns was unable to stand Al Emmick's pile-driving wallop and was saved from further punishment in the second round by the referee. Granfield and Baris fought to a draw. Harry Dell knocked out W. Canole in half a round.

DALY'S CONDITION TOLD.

After nearly eleven rounds of hard fighting, the seconds of Tommy Daly, the New York boxer, threw up the sponge in what was scheduled to be a fifteen-round contest with Kid Goodman, of Boston, at the Eureka A. C., Baltimore, on Nov. 22.

Daly deserves credit for the showing he made, for he went on without any training whatever, having taken the place of Amby McGarry, who at the last hour sent a doctor's certificate showing that he was ill.

For six rounds Daly had all the better of the contest. He had blood flowing freely from Goodman's mouth and outfought him at every stage of the game. But lack of condition soon began to show. Goodman kept playing for the body and in the seventh round floored Daly twice. Daly came back strong and fought the Kid to a standstill until the eleventh round, when Goodman sent a hard right and left to the pit of the stomach and Daly went to his knees in distress and his seconds threw up the sponge.

FARMER AND INDIAN DRAW.

The appearance of Joe Gregg, the Navajo Indian welterweight boxer, against Kid Farmer, of Chicago, Ill., served to pack the Broadway A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., to the doors on Nov. 22.

The men fought hard for the full six rounds, but there was too much clinching and wrestling to suit the boxing enthusiasts present. Both men were offenders in this respect, although in the last three rounds Farmer did more holding than the Indian. Farmer had the advantage in height and reach and by many

knocked the Indian down. The round was tame. Farmer tried his best to land on the Indian, but the latter crouched all the time and covered his jaw with his glove.

In the third round Gregg had Farmer bleeding, and he kept the claret flowing in every round after that. The Indian used his left to good advantage in the fourth round. In the fifth Farmer was tired and did a lot of holding. Farmer forced the fighting in the sixth and things were pretty lively, as the Indian was there all the time.

The semi-windup was a fast and exciting contest between Jimmy Murphy and Joe O'Hara, with honors about even. Jimmy Livingston made a punching bag out of Kid Peerless for six rounds; Eddie Fay knocked out Young Harley in the first round; Kid Peerless and Hugh McCann fought a draw in the opening bout.

LITTLE FELLOWS FIGHT HARD.

Willie Moody and Johnny Dougherty, two of the best 118-pound boys in the East, put up a rattling six-round argument at the Wayne A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., on Nov. 21.

There was not an idle moment in the entire six rounds, and they swatted each other good and plenty in this time. Dougherty opened the session in hot style, having the better of the first two rounds, sending his right to Moody's jaw repeatedly in this time. Moody forced matters but Johnny's blows checked him for a time. The second round was very hard and Dougherty again came out on top. Moody kept up his aggressive tactics and he came strong in the third, setting in some hard rights to the body and shaking his man with right and left to the jaw. In hot exchanges the Richmond lad turned his opponent completely around with a right to the jaw. Moody had the fourth round, doing some good work at close quarters, but Johnny made a great rally at the bell. Moody started the last two rounds with a rush, and he kept everlastingly after his man, forcing Dougherty to clinch and hold on. Moody kept forcing matters until the final bell, and this enabled him to earn the verdict by a shade.

The first bout furnished a big surprise party, Young Kid Broad, of Southwark, finishing Paddy Burns, of Nicetown, in one round. Broad drove home some hard swings to the body, and the Nicetown boy went to the floor no less than three times before taking the final count.

In the next Battling Kelly had the best of Jimmy Karl in a slashing contest.

A disappointment occurred in the semi-windup, when Jack Williams met Eddie Carter. Less than one round was enough for Carter, who crossed both hands to the jaw, sending Williams through the ropes. Coming up after the count Carter maled in and dropped Williams two more times, when the latter's seconds threw up the sponge to save their man.

"I invested a dollar in Ike Swift's new book, Sketches of Gotham, yesterday, and I sat up till two o'clock this morning reading it. It's the hottest stuff that ever came over the pike. Enclosed find \$1.10, for which send one copy to Private Joe Gates, Manila, P. I., with my compliments; he's my cousin.

"Yours, JOHN L. ALDEN,

"327 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill."

FRAZIER AND ADAMS DRAW.

Frank Adams and Johnny Frazier, of Portland, Me., went twelve fast rounds which was declared a draw at the Augusta (Me.) A. C., on Nov. 19. Clever dodging saved Frazier from severe punishment in several of the rounds, and when the gong sounded at the close of the bout he was fast weakening. Adams forced the fighting most of the time, but Frazier was quick on his feet and did some of the most skillful defensive work seen here for a long time.

DONOHUE WINS.

Young Donohue, the New England boxer, was awarded the decision over Hughey Clancey in the sixth round at Riverside Park, Montreal, Canada, on Nov. 19, in the presence of a large crowd.

The men had previously fought two draws, one of eight rounds and the other of twelve rounds, both of which were slashing bouts from beginning to end.

Alf Bennett was referee. Donohue was the favorite in the betting at odds of 7 to 5. Several hundred dollars changed hands on the result.

YANGER GOING BACK.

Benny Yanger, the Chicago boxer who it was thought a few years ago would stand at the head of the featherweight class, continues to go down the pugilistic ladder, and it would have perhaps been better if he had retired from the ring as he stated he would a few months ago. He met Matty Baldwin, the New England boxer, at the Lincoln A. C., Chelsea, Mass., on Nov. 21, and lost the decision in a fifteen-round bout.

Yanger is far from being the boxer he was when he met Kid Goodman at the same club about a year ago.

Yanger was slow and cautious and acted as if he was laying for a chance to sneak over a haymaker to the jaw. Neither man appeared to have a great amount of steam behind his punches, for, had there been, one would have taken the count, as both landed

a number of lefts and rights on the jaw and wind.

In the twelfth round Yanger put a hard left in the pit of the stomach which made Baldwin grunt. Yanger went after him quickly, and after getting in a couple more punches on the wind and face Baldwin clinched him. He shoved Baldwin to the mat. The latter was up quickly, and Yanger again rushed him, sending both hands for the body, face and jaw, while Matty got in some good returns before they came to a clinch. The gong prevented any further work in that round.

The last three rounds were Baldwin's by a big margin, but Yanger scored with both hands quite often on the body, face and neck.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

John Perrelli challenges any 175-pound wrestler in America to meet him for a side bet.

Count Krano issues a deft to all trick bicyclists. He is with "A Jolly American Trump" Company.

Harry Wallace, a welterweight boxer of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who has won several con-



DICK HYLAND.

The Fighting Lightweight of the Pacific Coast who is Making Good in the Roped Arena.

tests in the West, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from there that he is anxious to clash with Larry Temple or Cy Flynn. Wallace has never been defeated.

Young Hart, of Louisville, Ky., will match his protegee, Johnny Richterkessing, against any 108-pound boxer in the South.

Harry Behringer, the lightweight wrestling champion of Hoboken, N. J., challenges any man at the weight to meet him.

The Academy Football team, of West Hoboken, N. J., challenges any football team in Hudson County. Come along.

The owners of the Bourbon Kennels, Louisville, Ky., have a 56-pound pit bull terrier, "Snow." Who has a good dog the same weight?

James J. Cook, the athletic barber of the Lafayette Baths, New York City, issues a challenge to barbers to meet him in an athletic contest.

Young Carter, of Denver, Colo., writes to this office that Young Sharkey, of New York, can have a match, and will meet him at any time or place.

Mr. Zello, of The Zellos, who made a back lift of 2,965 pounds at Austin & Stone's Boston Museum recently, challenges any back-lifter in the world. He weighs 158 pounds, and his wife weighs 123.

Private Edward B. Hopple, of Troop C, Eighth United States Cavalry, now at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I., is the champion fencer of the Islands, and stands ready to defend his claim against all comers.

Harry Dailey, of the Jefferson Hotel, at Pine Bluff, Ark., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is manager of Frank Wallig and Pete Margnini, two 140-pound wrestlers, whom he will match against any in the country.

CHAMPION BARTENDERS

Are represented in Charley Mahoney's 1906 Bartender's Guide. He is head man at the Hoffman House, New York City. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



COUNT KRANO.

The Brilliant and Original Performer on Tour with "A Jolly American Tramp" Company.

a clinch in the third round Choynski swung a terrific right over on Barry's jaw and he went to the floor in a heap. At the count of nine he struggled to his feet, and Choynski buffeted him to the ropes. He was once more sent to the mat, and the police then ordered Spider Kelley, who was refereeing, to stop the bout. As Kelley thought that Barry was strong enough to continue, he declared it no contest. It was a hurricane mill while it lasted, and had the spectators on their feet from the tap of the gong until Choynski put the champion on "Queer street."

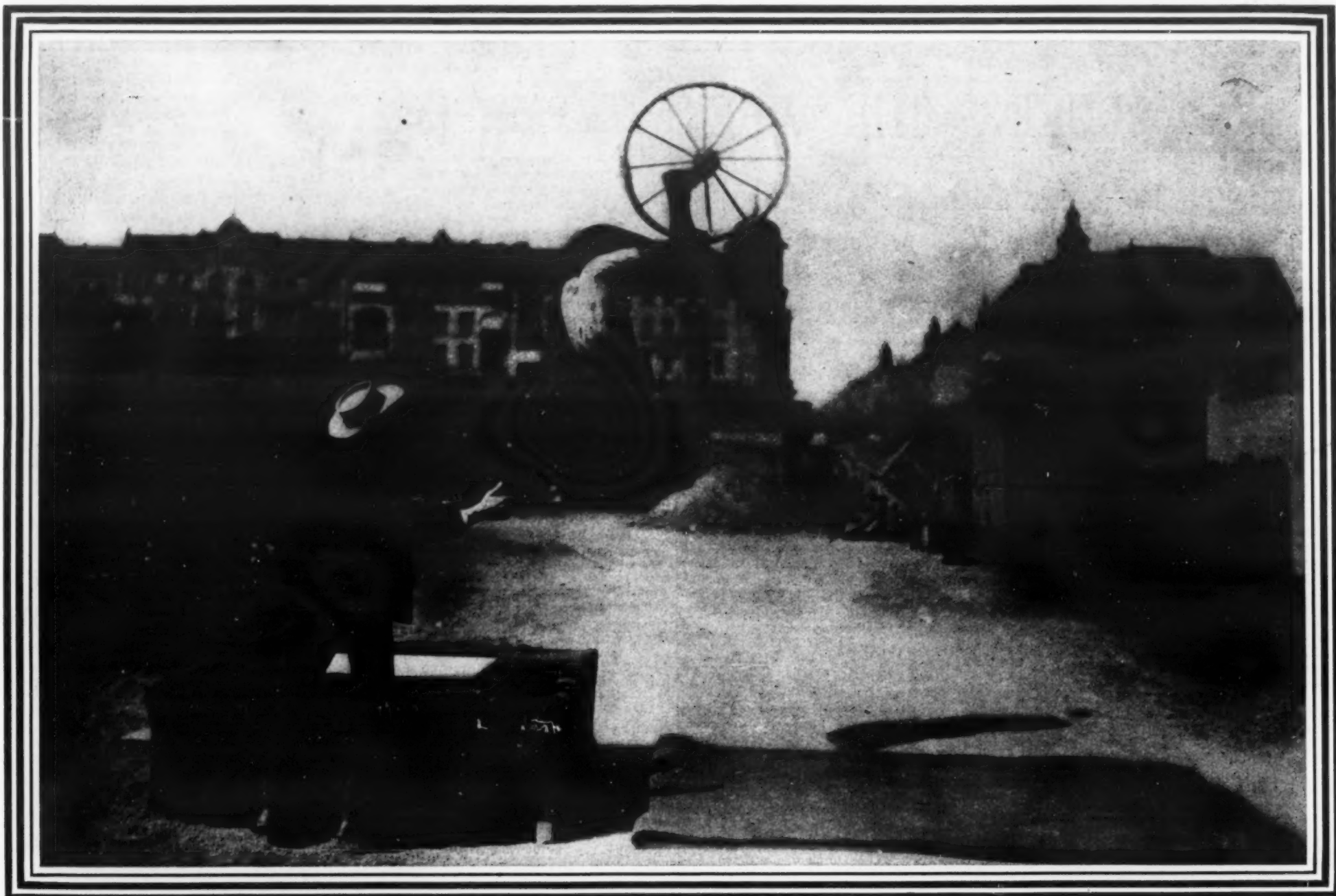
In the light heavyweight championship go, Fat Beardon hammered Walter Mareno into slumberland in

pounds in weight. At the end of the bout there was not much to choose between them. During the whole bout the Indian laughed and smiled, and none of Farmer's punches seemed to bother him any. Farmer was pretty tired in the last two rounds, and he claimed after the bout that he had broken one of the small bones in his left hand. In the first round Farmer

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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THE KING OF CARDS, "HOYLE," CONTAINS ALL RULES...MAILED ON RECEIPT OF FIFTEEN 2-CENT STAMPS



JUST TRY THIS.

IT LOOKS VERY EASY, BUT THERE'S A SWELL CHANCE FOR ANY ONE WHO TRIES TO PERFORM THIS WONDERFUL TRICK TO WIND UP WITH A BROKEN NECK, AT THE LEAST.



Photos by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

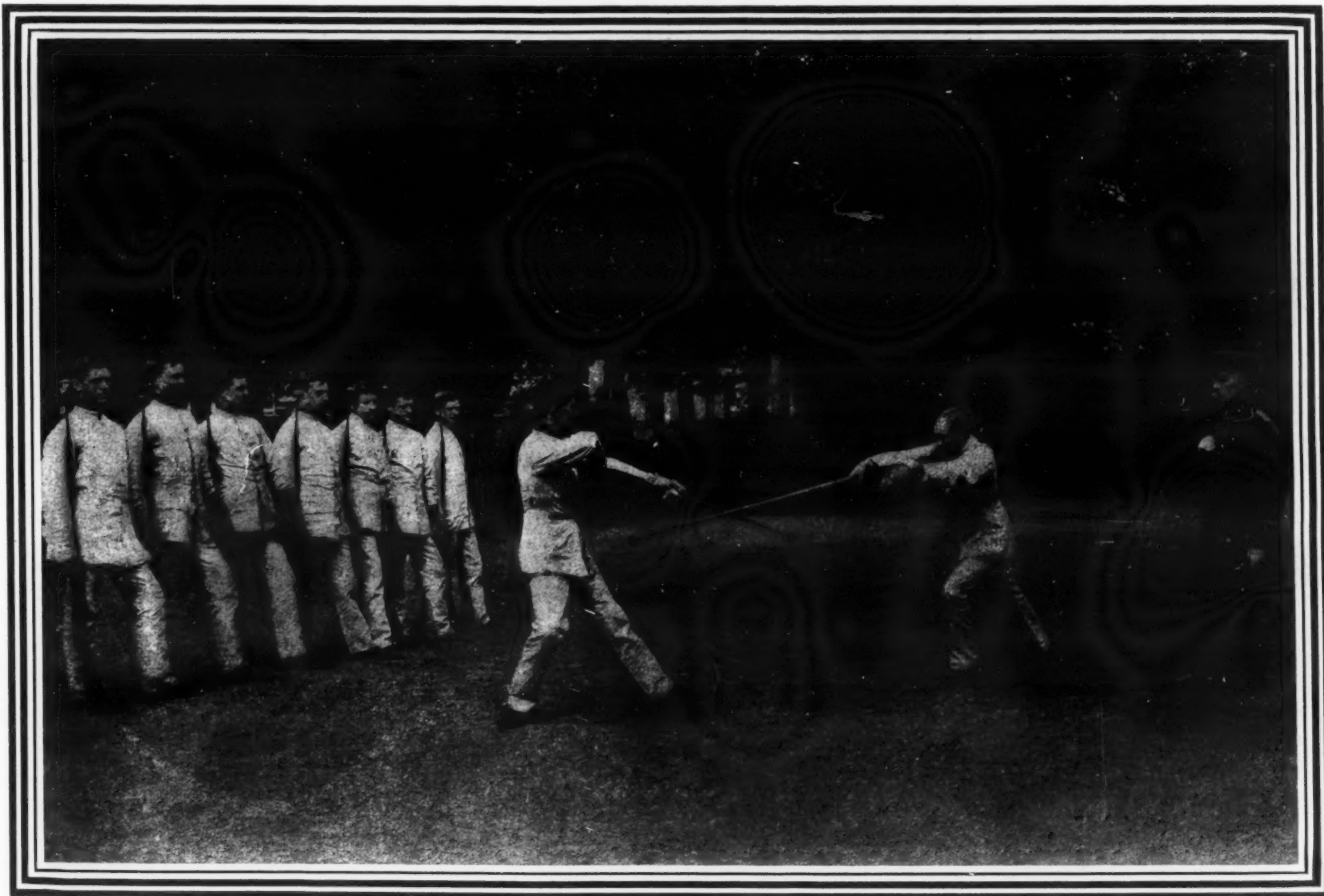
A PAIR OF FENCING LADIES.

YOUR ATTENTION IS RESPECTFULLY CALLED TO THE VERY NEAT APPEARANCE AND FIGURES OF THE TWO CLEVER YOUNG GERMAN SWORDSWOMEN WHO ARE PICTURED ABOVE.



A LITTLE NERVE HERE.

IF YOU DON'T THINK SO, GET A FEW SOLDIERS WITH FIXED BAYONETS ON THEIR GUNS AND TRY IT YOURSELF—YOU MIGHT CONSIDER A HIGH JUMP NECESSARY.



Photos by Walden Everett, Washington, D. C.

TEACHING THEM HOW.

GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE TAUGHT AT AN EARLY STAGE OF THE GAME JUST HOW TO USE THE BAYONET EFFECTIVELY—THIS ILLUSTRATES HOW THE DUELLISTS APPEAR.

JOHNSON HAS WOULD-BE

—O'BRIEN, BERGER AND KAUFFMAN ALL DRAW COLOR LINE—

CHAMPIONS ON THE RUN

Jim Jeffries Treats With Derision a Lot of Near Fighters,
All of Whom He Could Defeat in One Ring.

M'GOVERN'S INJURED HAND WILL NOT LET HIM FIGHT

Mike Ward's Death a Genuine Loss to the Ring—An Injustice to Harry
Lewis—Small Talk in the Realm of Pugilism.

"The yellowest pack of pigeon-livered mutts that ever disgraced the pages of pugilistic history in America," is the lurid language which a certain sporting writer used the other day to describe the bunch of fighters now claiming or clamoring for the title of heavyweight champion discarded by Jim Jeffries, and all because none of them have the temerity to match with Jack Johnson, the big colored fighter, whom Sam Fitzpatrick has taken under his wing. The other day Johnson made an offer to fight Al Kauffman twenty rounds and not take a cent of the receipts if he failed to score a knockout, but Kauffman couldn't see it and passed it up. One might readily believe that if Kauffman is any good at all or really has any championship pretensions, he could hardly afford to let this go by. In spite of all the boosting that Johnson has accumulated, much of it in these columns, there is no doubt a lot of sympathetic sentiment attached to it. We are prone to overrate the big negro out of sympathy for him in his loneliness.

Joe Jeanette and Jim Jeffords are the only ones who have the grit to meet him, and doubtless there is some kind of an insurance clause in the articles in order to make this pair sign. Whenever a match with Johnson is mentioned to O'Brien, Berger or Kauffman, the old excuse, the color line, is hastily pressed into service.

There is one thing brought out with great force by this fear on the part of the heavies for Johnson. It proves beyond doubt, if indeed we needed any proof, that they are a very bad lot to say the least.

Jim Jeffries was at the ringside at the Berger-Kauffman fight, and when it was over he turned on his heel and said: "Me back to the alfalfa." This meant, said Sandy Griswold, that the form displayed by Kauffman and Berger was such that if he consented to enter the ring with either the whole affair would be a bigger farce than was the bout with Jack Munroe. It is certainly hard on Jeffries to be the champion of the world and then to know that not a single man in this whole big world of ours is able to make him even exert himself in the ring. If ever there was a man in a class by himself it's the big ex-bollermaker from Los Angeles. They may talk all they care to about the wonderful prowess of the mighty John L. Sullivan, the wonderful cleverness of James Corbett and the hitting power and reach of Peter Jackson, but not a single one of them in their very prime would have ever had a chance with the James J. Jeffries that fought Jim Corbett in San Francisco the last time Corbett entered the ring. On that night big Jeff was at his very best, and I honestly believe he could beat any four heavyweights we now have in the same ring at the same time.

He has defeated all the men who ever had a claim on him two or three times. He has fought every man that came along and he is the one champion that retired because he did not care to humbug the public, because he realized that a match between himself and the other champions would be a farce. Jeffries not only retired, but he was never even knocked down in his life. That's certainly a record.

Abe Attell's match with Jimmy Walsh in Los Angeles will be an important event in more ways than one. The featherweight championship of the world will be involved, and besides this, if Walsh should happen to beat the champion he will meet Harry Baker, Jan. 18, in place of Attell, who has already signed articles to meet Baker on that date. He signed, however, with the understanding that if he should fight before that date and lose the winner was to take his place on the 18th.

Attell was tickled to death when he learned that the match was a sure thing, as the little fellow has got the money fever strong and believes in making hay while the frost is on the bloom, or something like that!

Harry Pollak, the indefatigable little hustler, who has shown a dozen or more pugilists, including Jim Jeffries, how to get the money, has again taken managerial charge of Young Corbett and intends to give that very foolish young person a chance to re-establish himself to public favor, and in the following "cartel," as my late lamented predecessor Col. Harding used to say, has issued a sweeping deft to everybody with whom there is the slightest chance of getting on a match. The protocol—another of the Colonel's favorite expressions—reads as follows:

"Since I have declared Young Corbett's match with Terry McGovern off, owing to the fact that McGovern's hand will not allow him to train for some weeks, I have received a couple of offers for the Denverite to box in the West. There are several boxers in this neck of the woods, however, who just as soon as Corbett becomes tied in a match make it a point to bombard him with challenges.

"Corbett is free now and ready to meet any man in the world, according to the word going the rounds, and will be glad to meet any of them from Gans down. Joe Humphreys was very anxious for a fight with Corbett, when he was bound to McGovern, and if he meant business he can get accommodated now.

Pollak casts a needless reflection upon McGovern in the closing paragraph of his letter. Terry was unquestionably incapacitated from fighting and this fact was proved when Dr. Dunlop, of St. Gregory

Hospital, examined the "terrible one's" injured hand. Dr. Dunlop put the injured member under the X-rays, and after the examination pronounced the hand to be in bad shape.

Joe Humphreys, McGovern's manager, said: "I will rematch McGovern with Corbett as soon as his hand is well—not before. I will also bet any part of \$5,000 at ringside odds that Terry wins. The weight must be 133 pounds, ringside. I stand ready to post the money as soon as the match is made."

In the death of Mike Ward, who died from the effects of a fight with Harry Lewis, the boxing game lost one of its most exemplary exponents. Owing to the stringency of the boxing laws in New York City we never saw the clever young Canadian, but Eddie

Mike Ward's remains, announced that death was due to concussion of the brain, a blood clot having been found at the base. The Coroner asserted that the clot was caused by Ward striking his head on the ring floor, and not by the blow struck by Lewis. Governor Warner has notified all sheriffs to prevent any more bouts, which will effectually close the boxing game in the State of Michigan.

Another recruit has been added to still further mess up the heavy weight tangle. Sandy Ferguson is the man and Johnny Mack, his manager, is seeking a match with Jack Johnson.

Mack announces that although the other heavyweights are afraid of Johnson and are ducking fights with him, he will bet \$1,000 on Ferguson, and is confident his man will win. Failing to get on a fight with Johnson, he will bet \$1,000 that Ferguson will stop either Berger or Kauffman in ten rounds.

Ferguson is twenty-seven years old, six feet four and three-quarter inches tall, and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. He has fought Marvin Hart and several other big fellows, invariably with credit to himself.

Sport promoters in the State of Iowa are making earnest endeavors to break into the boxing game, and an effort will be made this winter to have the Legislature pass a law permitting the sport under certain restrictions. Under the present statute even the moving pictures of a prize fight held in Australia cannot be displayed in the State legally.

In Davenport and other river towns fights are held all the time in violation of the law, but by common consent of the people, and there is a movement among the sporting men of the State to have the present law repealed so that sparring matches can be pulled off under the sanction of the State.

Mac Connelly, a sporting promoter, has offered to pay a license of \$1,000 a month for the privilege of holding sparring matches in Des Moines. He says there is a demand among the people for this athletic entertainment to such an extent that a large license fee could be paid. It is considered certain that a law will be drafted and introduced in the Legislature permitting the municipal licensing of sparring matches.

The present stringent law was passed at a session of the Legislature during which sparring matches had become very popular. The legislators one night went to

same thing followed when Neary went away from home and wandered down to Los Angeles, and was put away in two rounds by the third rate Chicago fighter.

Tommy White, the old-time featherweight pugilist, who has left the ring for more lucrative employment in Chicago is still a firm admirer of old John L. Sullivan, and thinks the boxing clubs throughout the country ought to take care of John. "I figure," said Tommy the other day, "that boxing in this country owes much of its prominence to John L., hence I think it would not be asking too much to set aside one day each year and call it 'Sullivan Day.' On that night each club should set aside a percentage of the receipts for John L., and this would create a very decent little fund. This should be placed in honest hands and dealt out to John as he needed it, not giving him a chance to blow it all at one time. It's my opinion that John deserves it, and that the old fellow would be better off when taken care of that way than if he were allowed to keep on travelling around picking up a living, as is the case to-day."

As far as I can learn though John is still able to pick up a very decent living of \$250 a week whenever he feels inclined to sidestep the booze water long enough to work. Tommy White's intentions are good enough, but the object is hardly a commendable one.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

RING FATALITIES
DURING PAST YEAR.

Boxing Game So Safeguarded That Number
Should Be Decreased.

The death of Mike Ward, who died from concussion of the brain, the result of his head striking the floor when he was knocked down by Harry Lewis, brings up again the old subject of ring fatalities, but the public views the death of a fighter while following his chosen vocation with less horror than it used to.

It has been the custom lately to look on the deaths of boxers who are injured in the ring as being in line with that of jockeys, baseball players or others who are killed in following their chosen occupations. This, with the number of deaths which occur in other sports, such as football, gunning, etc., has made the public accustomed to fatalities, and there is not the hysteria over the death of a boxer now that there was a few years ago when they were less frequent and were heralded all over the country as something terrible. Everything has been done to make the sport of boxing as safe as possible, and yet fatalities will occur. The sport is better safeguarded than any other which the public patronizes.

Notwithstanding this, every lover of the game regrets the death of a boxer, just as much as the followers of football regret an accident which adds to the death list in that sport, for the followers of boxing are no more bloodthirsty than those of any other sport.

The present year has been an unusually fatal one to professional boxers and quite a number have been fatally injured. Some of the deaths charged to the ring, however, were those of immature youngsters not engaged in boxing as a livelihood, and it is hardly fair to charge their deaths up to the sport. Several of the deaths were those of young men engaged in friendly bouts who should never have taken part in as strenuous an exercise as boxing. Others occurred to men who should not have been allowed to have taken part in severe professional bouts owing to their lack of physical condition, such as was the case with the death of Jack McKenzie, whose life might have been spared had the latter been given a thorough examination by a competent physician, in which case he would have been forbidden to have engaged in the bout which brought on his untimely death.

To those who know the two men and their punching abilities it seems strange to hear of Terry Martin and Harry Lewis delivering blows that resulted fatally. Some men are known as terrific hitters and should they land a hard blow on a vital spot no one would be surprised at a death resulting. It is a common thing for a blow to be delivered hard enough to knock a man down, and some boxers hit a man hard enough with one punch to end a contest. John L. Sullivan was such a hitter. Bob Fitzsimmons another, so was Peter Maher in his prime. This ability to deliver a knock-out punch is not confined to the heavyweights, for many of the little fellows possess the same power.

Other boxers take part in bout after bout without being able to score a knockout. Jack O'Brien is one of this order, as his ring record will testify. Deaths are charged to Martin and Lewis and yet neither of them has any record as a knock-out. Martin has taken part in many bouts, but the number of men he has knocked out are few and far between, and the fact that Harry Lewis was such a light hitter was so well known to the followers of boxing that the big crowd at the National Athletic Club was astounded when he delivered the blow which dropped Willie Fitzgerald and which dazed the latter so much that he was groggy during the rest of the time he was in the ring and was at the mercy of Lewis till he was finally knocked out. The punch which put Fitzgerald down was a hard one sure enough, but Willie by walking into it or meeting it half way added his own force to the force of Lewis' blow, or the chances are that the effect would not have been so serious. It was the first time that Lewis had knocked anyone out and the astonishment was almost as great as the news received from Grand Rapids that Harry had hit a man hard enough to have resulted fatally.

BILLY RHODES.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

A new arrival in the East seeking fame in the roped arena is Billy Rhodes, the sturdy welterweight whose rapid rise in the pugilistic world has induced Eastern boxing promoters to seek his services. In the West he has scored victories over such good welters as Cy Flynn, Rube Ferns, Tony Caponi, Young Gibbs and only two months ago fought the giant killer, Joe Walcott, a rattling twenty-round draw. This battle brought him more than ever in the public eye, and he then secured flattering offers to invade the East.

In Kansas City, Mo., where Rhodes has fought his best battles, he has a host of admirers who turn out in large numbers when he is one of the principals in a battle.

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER.
Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for Poker: How to Win, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



MONTANA JOE.

The Police Gazette Champion Globe Trotter who has Undertaken to Push a
Wheelbarrow from New York to El Paso, Texas.

McBride, of Buffalo, the well-known referee, says he was a very decent fellow in every way and a credit to any profession. He owned a big poolroom in Toronto, and according to his brother, Andy Ward, who also boxed in and around Buffalo some years ago, the dead boy was taunted into the last contest by his alleged friends. His mother seemed to have a premonition that her son would be injured and begged him not to take up the match, but the boy told her he could not stand the taunts of the men in question and as a result he went to his death. This is Andy's statement of the affair.

"Mike was one of the best boys that ever stepped into a ring, and he is now dead because the papers in his home town (Sarnia, Ont.) forced him to fight again, which he should not have done. He had quit the ring for good a year ago. His poolroom in Toronto was making him lots of money, and he had saved up a nice sum from his winnings in the past. Then came the challenge from Lewis' manager, and the papers of his home town declared that he was afraid to accept it. Mother begged him not to come to this fight. When he started from home, she told him with tears in her eyes that she was afraid that he would never come home alive. Mike never smoked, never took a drink and never swore. He was a clean boy and loved his father and mother better than anyone else in the world. The first money that he ever earned in the prize ring he spent for a good house for father and mother."

Ward had an excellent record in the ring and up to the time he met Joe Gans was considered as a likely candidate for the lightweight honors once held by Frank Erne. In fact, he challenged Erne when the latter was champion.

The Coroner, after the post-mortem examination on PICTURES OF FAMOUS BARS Will be found in the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, which contains all the latest recipes with full instructions. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

one in a body, and it happened the match turned out a rank fake. In their disgust the legislators next morning passed the present law, which even prevents the showing of fight pictures.

Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, who for a long time has figured as a championship possibility, goes back into the discards as a result of his beating in two rounds by George Mensie. According to Dick Kane, the fight showed the real calibre of the Milwaukee man, and proves what has always been charged against him that he has been a club favorite and has been nursed along in his own town by those interested in the local clubs. For a long time it was asserted that it was impossible for Neary to lose a decision in Milwaukee, and the present recollection of the writer is that he met his first defeat when he went to Chicago or some other Western city other than his own. Neary is said to have netted \$15,000 from about two seasons' boxing matches in Milwaukee. After his defeat by so ordinary a lightweight as Mensie he is not likely to add many more thousands to his little pile while he remains in the boxing business. The nursing of boxers in their own city has gotten to be somewhat of a fine art in some places. In California Jimmy Britt was a fine example, and by the clever manipulation of the inside wires by the club owners and gamblers he was enabled to make a comfortable fortune and escape defeat through the care which his sponsors took that he should not meet any man capable of giving him a good lacing. He got by Joe Gans through committing the foul which there is good reason to believe was previously arranged, but the machinery slipped a cog when they put Jimmy into the ring with Nelson the last time, and the pet of the gambling fraternity of Frisco went the voyage in eighteen rounds, and his name has been "punk" ever since. When Jimmy came East and met Terry McGovern in Madison Square Garden, his real calibre was made manifest, for the little Terror, although all in as a boxer, and far from being the Terry of his best days, gave Britt a lacing, and the

INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,
Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

F. D., Sioux City, Ia.—A has the worst of it.
F. F. H., Torrington, Conn.—Was 1900 a leap year?

.....Yes.

E. S., St. Louis, Mo.—Your questions are too personal; write to the gentlemen themselves for an answer.

W. H., Lindsborg, Kan.—Has a man a right to accept a card when turned over in the draw in playing poker?.....Yes.

C. P., Ridgway, Pa.—What is the nationality of Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse?.....He is an American, born in Redwood, N. Y.

E. P. S., Trenton, N. J.—When was Sailor Burke discharged from the United States Navy?.....Write to his manager, Mr. McDonald, in care of this office.

E. F. S., Rock Island, Ill.—Pitch; three men playing, two men are tie, 10 and 10; A bid 3 and gets set; B gets high and low, and C gets Jack and game?.....High wins.

Subscriber, Corning, N. Y.—A bets B that Mr. Hughes will be elected Governor of New York State by 50,001 majority; which wins?.....A wins; catch bets don't go.

H. P., Evergreen, N. Y.—Which of the flushes is the best to hold in a game of poker, I mean both of the same denomination, say ten spot high?.....All suits are of equal value.

W. T., Rumford Falls, Me.—What is a royal flush? In a poker game does a royal flush of hearts beat a royal flush of clubs?.....1. Ten to ace of any suit. 2. All suits of equal value.

J. G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—In a three-handed or four-handed game of pinochle; if a player lays down 150 in trumps and a double run in kings and queens, does it count 300 or 350?.....350.

H. A., Boston, Mass.—Draw poker, table stakes; can the banker, who is playing, draw from the check rack after cards are drawn without having previously declared his play open?.....No.

B. B. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—A and B are playing a game of pinochle; A lays down four kings and four queens at once and calls 240; can he do it in a two-handed game?.....Cannot do it.

J. B., Hartford City, Ind.—A bets B ten dollars that you are allowed to wrestle according to Marquis of Queensberry boxing rules?.....There is no such thing as wrestling under Queensberry rules.

B. R., Depue, Ill.—Let me know the record for a mile, trotting; Jack D. bets that a trotter never made it in less than two minutes?.....Jack D. wins. See trotting records in "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," six two-cent stamps.

C. M., Carthage, Mo.—Give me the address of Jack Johnson? Do you think Johnson is as good a man as Sharkey and Corbett when they were young?.....1. Care of Sam Fitzpatrick, Hoffman House, New York City. 2. No.

G. A., Bath, Me.—Auction pitch; three playing; eleven points game; A has nine points; B has nine points; C has six points; C bids two and gets trump; A makes low Jack; B makes high game; which goes out first?.....Low Jack wins.

A. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Three men are playing a game of 15 ball pool; the agreement was made to burst safe, that is, ball and cushion; can a man on first burst mention a ball to a certain pocket, or must he play safe burst?.....Must play safe burst.

J. B., Jacksonville, Fla.—Barnum & Bailey show is recognized as the largest.

Billy Bellew, Chefoo, China.—What is the highest throw in rattle-dazzle dice?.....Five aces.

H. S., Jersey City, N. J.—Sorry, we have no data on private matters. This is a sporting paper.

J. DeG., Maywood, Ill.—Did Tony Caponi ever fight James J. Jeffries? Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?.....1. No. 2. No.

S. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets that George Hackenschmidt is champion heavyweight wrestler of the world; B bets Frank Gotch is?.....A wins.

J. F. W., Peoria, Ill.—Four-handed euchre, partners; I deal; the man on my left passes; my partner says "take it up;" can I play alone?.....No.

W. A. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Cribbage; A holds two sixes and two threes; three spot turns up; A claims eighteen; B claims fourteen; which is right?.....Eighteen.

J. R. W., Parral, Mex.—Who is the champion live pigeon shot of the United States?.....There are many claimants; it is a long time since a real championship match was shot.

V. W., Kingman, Ind.—B bets that Nelson was not the favorite at any time after they signed articles to fight? What was the odds?.....1. B wins. He never was. 2. 2 to 1 at one time.

H. W. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—Who first invented gunpowder? Where can I get information how to make powder?.....Full particulars in any encyclopedia. Get one at your local library.

C. H. M., Terry, Mont.—Auction pitch, 11 points, two handed; A has 10 points and bids 2; B has 8 points and bids 3 and makes low, Jack and game; A makes high; who wins?.....High wins.

G. K. and C., New York.—Are there any cowboys out West? Does a cowpuncher wear leather chaps and carry a pistol?.....Lot of them in the cattle country, Montana, Nebraska, Texas, etc.

E. J. B., Alliance, Neb.—A bets B his candidate will positively win with three candidates in the field; in case of a tie who wins the bet?.....Bets are based on equity. All depends upon which of the two is seated.

Reader, New Bedford, Conn.—Two men playing pitch; eleven points; one man is eight; the other is ten; the man with eight bids three and makes high, low, game; the man with ten saves Jack; which wins?.....Jack wins.

J. E. M., Tecumseh, Okla.—Senate poker; A opens for all his money; B calls; C calls; D raised; B called; C called; A's first draw with the back; dealer gives B first card, calls for the card back and B returns it to the dealer; can D force B to take that card?.....No.

Empire Club, New Haven, Conn.—A and B were playing a game of seven-up, for seven points; A had four points and B had two points; B dealt the cards and turned the two of diamonds; A stood and led out the three of diamonds; B took it with the four of diamonds; B led back with the six of clubs; A put the

four of hearts on it; B led again with the four of clubs; A put the ace of clubs on it; B said A reneged and B claimed the game; who won?.....B gets three points for the revoke. High, low and game. No Jack out.

W. K., Cohoes, N. Y.—Poker; six men drew cards; the fifth man before drawing put his two cards on the table and asked for three cards, and the dealer gave him four cards and then drew cards himself; what will that man do with his cards?.....His hand is dead.

L. M., Chicago.—Cribbage; A, B and C cut for deal; A cuts king; B queen; C Jack; you say Jack deals; would like to know how that is; when each cut a ten card, king, queen and Jack being ten cards; have always played it to cut again?.....In cutting for deal low deals and Jack is low.

E. J. D., Manville, R. I.—Four playing partners in game of pitch bid to the board; A is dealing; B bids 3; the game is 15 points out; A does not sell and pitches



ANDY ELLINGSON.

He is the Backer of Kid Crandall, a Clever Boxer of the U. S. S. Yorktown, Whom He Will Match Against Any Navy Boxer.

the ace; B has the low; A makes high Jack game; the game stands previous to this deal 14 points each?.....Bidder wins, as the ace puts him out and he makes his bid.

F. R., Thayer, Ill.—Four playing poker; Jack-pot Bill deals the cards; ante was two; Bill had one check left; Frank opened the pot for one; all stayed; this put Bill all in; Mat raised the pot for ten checks; Dave stayed; Frank had checks but dropped out; Frank claims he has a show for the show down?.....Frank is out of it.

M. C. B., Chicago, Ill.—Several men are shaking dice for 25 cigars; high man gets 15, low man 10; B shakes 13 twice; E shakes 13 once; if they divide high prize what does each get out of the 15, or if they shake off to decide, how many shakes does B get; or does he get any more than E?.....In shaking off B has 2 chances, or if dividing B gets 10 and E 5.

O. P. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—Two scientific boxers intend to travel with a theatrical troupe and in the vaudeville bill of the performance will show the science of the game as they understand it. Now, the question is, will they be allowed to show in any town of any State without police interference, or are they (boxing exhibitions) forbidden in some States?.....In some States, New York for instance, boxing exhibitions in public are forbidden on the stage.

SAILORS BOX.

The navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., was the scene of some even bouts recently between the boys of Uncle Sam's battleships, and witnessed by several lady guests.

The contests took place on the deck of the battleship New Jersey, and was enjoyed by the officers of the different ships at the yard.

There were three four-round bouts between Boston

boys who had made quite a name in the roped arena. At the conclusion of these spirited affairs the guests were entertained with luncheon by the officers of the New Jersey, and then the main bout was called. The principals in the feature were Eddie Broderick, champion lightweight of the battleship Missouri, and Jimmy Koenig, of the New Jersey. The latter had the advantage in weight, but his smaller opponent put up a game exhibition and managed to get a draw after six stiff rounds, in which a hurricane swapping of jabs and swings was the feature.

It is the intention of the club to hold weekly entertainments with six-round fights as the feature.

EASTERN DOG WON.

About six hundred sporting men from Cincinnati, Ohio, including a party from New York, witnessed a terrific battle between two bull dogs recently at Newport, Ky., on which fully \$5,000 changed hands. Dewey, a famed canine of the West, who had won many victories and much cash for his backers, is dead. Charles Schaefer, a well known Cincinnati cafe owner and sporting man, owned the game Dewey and lost considerably by his defeat.

The victor, Sport, a brindle dog, was backed by a party of New York sporting men who came from the metropolis well supplied with greenbacks, and bet the admirers of Dewey to a standstill. A side bet of \$1,000 was made some weeks ago when the dogs were matched.

The promoters of the battle were pledged to secrecy as to the place of the battle, fearing police interference. At an appointed place in Cincinnati most of the sports congregated, and were driven to a small structure at Newport, Ky. Seats surrounded the pit, and by midnight a score of equipages lined the roadway.

The battle began at one a.m., and lasted two hours and forty-six minutes.

Dewey had the best of the argument at the beginning, and matters looked blue for the Easterners. Sport succeeded in making Dewey release his hold, and got a firm grip on the throat of the Westerner. This had a noticeable effect on Dewey.

Thomas Sullivan, a cafe owner of 1059 Central avenue, Cincinnati, who arranged the details of the match, and was a big winner on the result, will back Sport, the victor, for any part of \$2,500.



Brilliant and Clear to the last drop.

Turn the bottle upside down,
Or lay it on its side;
Shake it up
Or shake it down,
It stays
The same inside.

Evans' Ale
The first and only Ale free from dregs and sediment.

THOMPSON'S
PIMPLE-OFF
REMOVES PIMPLES IN 5 DAYS OR MONEY BACK 50c

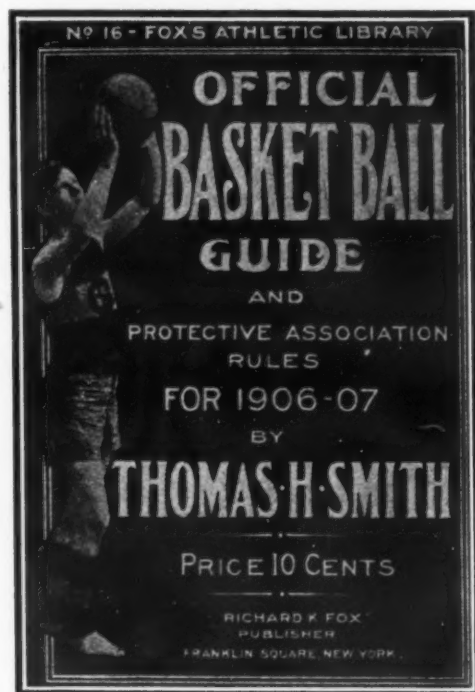
The only preparation made exclusively for the speedy removal of Pimples, Red Spots, Tetter, Redness of Nose or Face. It absolutely does the work for which it was designed; besides, restores to the skin all the freshness and beauty of youth. Delightful to apply. Sent by mail, 50 cents. THOMPSON'S PIMPLE-OFF CO., 181 E. Pearl St., N. Y. Write for Booklet "About Pimples," mailed FREE.

TATTOOING

Machines, Colors, Stencils, Designs, etc., for sale. Send for price list. Smith & Howard, 153 Court St., Boston.

MONEY COMES EASY

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get a copy of *Poker; How to Win*, that's all. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office.



THE ONE BEST BET
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION BASKETBALL
WITH OFFICIAL RULES FOR 1906-07

Get it Now if You Want the
Real Thing in the Basketball Line

IT HAS GOT 'EM ALL BEAT A MILE

PRICE 10 CENTS, POSTAGE 3 CENTS EXTRA.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT OF NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT IS EMANUEL BRUGGLIO, A GREAT CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN WRESTLER



GEORGE B. ROGERS.

A CLEVELAND, O., BOXER, WHO WANTS A MATCH AT 175 POUNDS.



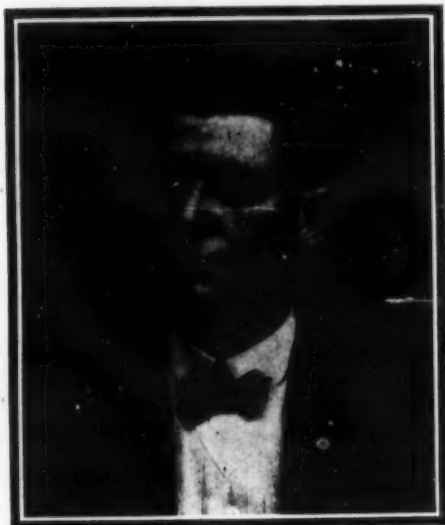
EDWARD B. HOPPLE.

PRIVATE OF TROOP C, 8TH CAVALRY, NOW IN THE PHILIPPINES.



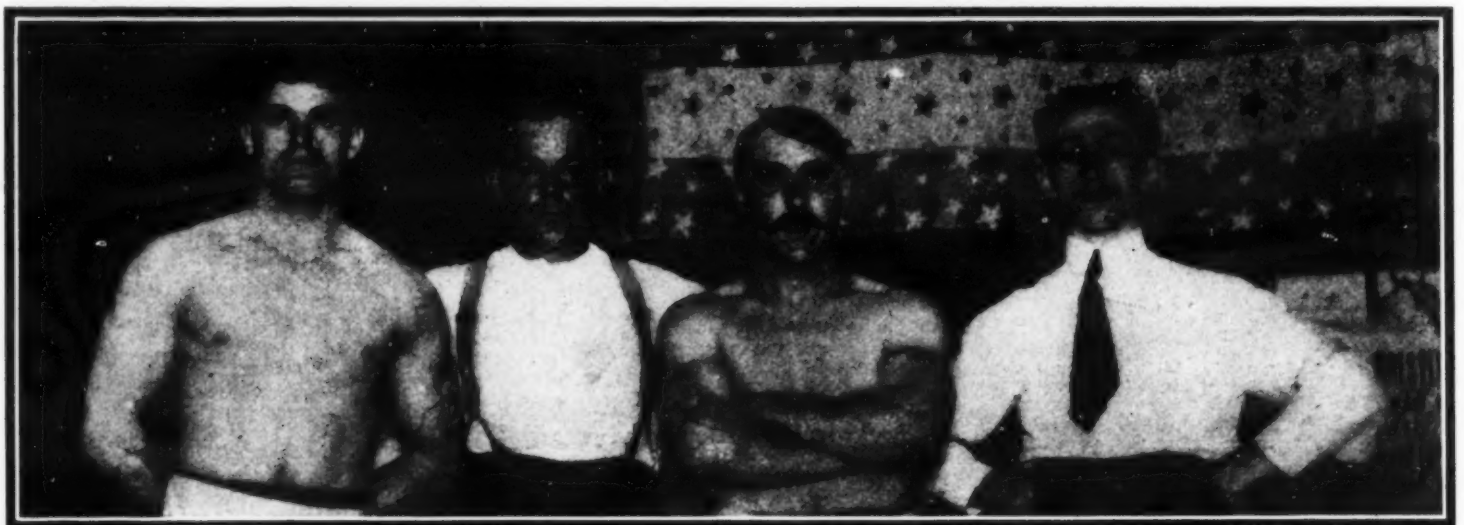
CHARLEY NEARY.

THE CLEVER MILWAUKEE BOXER WHO CHALLENGES AT 133 POUNDS.



JOE RYAN.

POPULAR SALOONIST OF 327 CENTRAL AVE., NEWARK.



HARRY BEHRINGER AND V. E. DEHN.

THE FORMER IS THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF HOBOKEN, N. J., AND THE OTHER IS A GOOD WRESTLER OF NEW YORK--THEY CHALLENGE TO MEET ALL COMERS.



THEY ARE TITLE HOLDERS.

THE STURDY MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM OF WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., WHO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF HUDSON COUNTY LAST YEAR AFTER A TUSSLE.

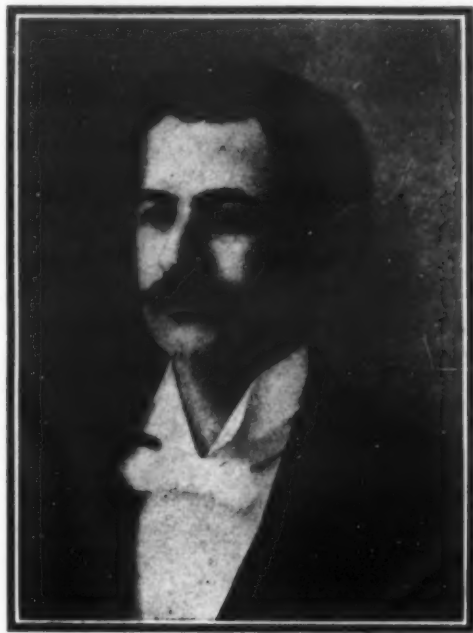


TRULY SHATTUCK.

SHE HAS SHAKEN THE VAUDEVILLE FOR THE LEGITIMATE, AND IS NOW DOING THE LEADING LADY ACT IN LONG SKIRTS WITH GEORGE COHAN'S COMPANY.

A PROMINENT SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Joseph N. Fecteau, of 608 Dix avenue, Detroit, Mich., is the proprietor of a prosperous cafe, and has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity in the West. He dispenses the best of wet goods, and by his courtesy to his patrons has become very popular.

THREE GOLD MEDALS FOR A GOOD RECIPE.

Have you any ambition?
Think of a new drink.
Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues.

Of course you know they are of solid gold.
That goes without saying.
There is no string to them.

Here is the list so you know what you are after:

FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.
SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.
THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

And a simple little recipe for a new drink will win them for you.

Five minutes effort.
Could anything be easier.

Besides, even if it should happen that you did not win, your recipe would be published with your name and address.

"Just received my copy of Ike Swift's book, *Sketches of Gotham*. Greatest I ever saw. Wouldn't sell it for five times the money. He's a wonder.

"Very truly yours,
"ALEX. DAVIS, Carbondale, Pa."

A SPARK PLUG.

(By J. E. Comber, Narragansett Pier, R. I.)

Fill mixing glass half full cracked ice; three dashes Orange bitters; three dashes Curacao, red; two dashes Maraschino; one tablespoon of Old Tom gin; four tablespoons Port wine. Stir well, strain and serve in cocktail glass.

TOM HEFLIN COCKTAIL.

(By R. J. Graham, The Climax, Montgomery, Ala.)

Three or four dashes of imported French Vermouth; three or four dashes imported Italian Vermouth; one drink of Rye or Bourbon whiskey. Fill glass with crushed ice, strain in cocktail glass, serve with lemon peel.

HANDED LOWE A LEMON.

Tommy Lowe, of Washington, D. C., and Jim Bonner, fought a rattling ten-round bout at Tamaqua, Pa., on Nov. 23.

Bonner, who outweighed his man ten pounds, got a terrible grueling, while Lowe suffered but little. Referee Gallagher gave the decision to Bonner, which did not suit the crowd, it being held that the least he could have done would have been to call the bout a draw.

AMATEUR BATTLERS.

The final bouts of the yearly amateur boxing tournament conducted by the Charlestown (Mass.) A. C., were held on Nov. 22 in the presence of a good sized crowd. As several of the boxers who had won in the preliminaries failed to appear several bouts were added to the programme.

Henry Myers won in the 105-pound class, easily. He hit Mr. Mahoney a right hand punch on the jaw in the first round and Mahoney refused to get up.

In the 115-pound class Crowell was the winner. Neither he nor Foley had any science to speak of.

Moxie Fitzpatrick had no trouble winning in the 125-pound class. In the final bout he put Joe Trainer away in the third round with a left swing to the jaw.

Joe Murphy being the only competitor in the 135-pound class to show up, was declared the winner by default.

The bout between Tom Fox and John Edwards in the 105-pound special was the best bout of the evening. Fox won the prize by his aggressiveness and by scor-

A Safe Gift to Him

There seems to be inborn in every man a love for good firearms. When the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give him?" comes around, it is always safe to decide upon the

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

It is so good and so safe that as many Iver Johnsons are being sold as of all other makes combined. It's the best house and office weapon, and the best for the pocket. If the hammer hits against the top of the bureau-drawer, or catches in the pocket, the revolver cannot discharge. In fact you can "Hammer the Hammer" without fear of accidental discharge. Pull the trigger and it shoots quick and true!

Our Free Booklet "Shots" Tells More in Detail
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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, \$2.35 center fire cartridge, \$5.00

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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GUS HILL AND TOM BURROWS
American and Australian Champions.

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30 Lessons.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQ., NEW YORK CITY.

ing in the third round, when he put Edwards to the mat.

The 125-pound special resulted unexpectedly in a win for J. Sullivan. He and Al Heiser started to fake, but, being cautioned by the referee, they went to boxing on the level. As soon as Sullivan got a wallop on the mouth he went to his corner and wanted to quit. His seconds persuaded him to continue, and by repeatedly jabbing Heiser with the left and putting the right on the body, face and jaw, he won the award.

The 135-pound special was a lively bout, and McKenzie was declared the winner.

HAD TO MAKE IT A DRAW.

Tony Caponi, the Chicago boxer, who is now in the hands of Teddy Murphy, who was Battling Nelson's old manager, had the best of a twelve-round argument at New Castle, Pa., on Nov. 20, with Larry Temple, which was declared a draw.

Under Pennsylvania's laws there could be no decision, but it was the opinion of most people present that had a decision been given it would have gone to Caponi, who seemed to outbox the colored man. There was never a time, however, when either man was in danger, nor was there a knockdown or drop of blood drawn in the battle which was remarkable for its speed and heavy blows. The aggressiveness also and the defense of the Italian told mightily with the crowd.

BOXING IN DAKOTA.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE:

I am going to give you a little news for America's or rather, the world's greatest sporting paper. Please publish as follows: In a private battle held here on Nov. 17, Harry Wallace, of Leavenworth, Kas., knocked out Australian Billy Ryan in the sixth round. The fight was fast and furious while it lasted. Both men weighed in at 145 pounds. Eddie Boyle was referee. At no time was Wallace in danger. Wallace was very clever and had the Australian in a very awkward position. The Australian used his left to good advantage. The Kansas fighter was favorite at ten to six.

In the first and second rounds Ryan dropped Wallace with his left. After the second it was evident that Wallace had been playing with Ryan. At the end of the third Ryan's eyes were in bad shape, also his ears and nose. Ryan was floored in the fourth three times with solar plexus punches. His left eye was closed entirely. In the fifth the bell saved Ryan. In the sixth, Wallace feinted with his left and sent Ryan to his knees with a cruel left to the heart. Ryan arose only to be floored again with a left hook to the jaw. He was counted out. About two hundred sports saw the mill. I will say a word for Wallace: he's a comer in the welterweight class.

EDWARD R. HOGAN,
Manager Sioux Falls A. C.,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

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Manufacturers of High-class Club Room Furniture,
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JACK M. DOWD,
P. O. Call Box 135, Eastman, Georgia.

LOOK OUT FOR O'CONNELL.

Boxing enthusiasts of New Haven, Conn., witnessed one of the best bouts ever pulled off in the Nutmeg State, on Nov. 20, between Bunny Ford, the pride of Connecticut, and Jeff O'Connell, a new comer among the little fellows but one of the cleverest 116-pounders ever seen in the East.

The boys boxed ten rounds before a thousand members of the Olympic A. C., and were delighted with the clever way of O'Connell.

The bout was fast from start to finish, O'Connell's cleverness and Ford's aggressiveness making it a good battle. For nine rounds the New Yorker outpointed his rival, and surprised the spectators, who loudly applauded the little fellows.

GOTCH SCORES ANOTHER.

Leo Pardello, the big Italian wrestler, who has been in the West for some time doing good work on the mat, met with defeat in a match with champion Frank Gotch, at Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 23.

During the first fall, which Gotch won in 39 minutes and 11 seconds with toe and arm hold, Pardello was injured so badly that he was unable to leave the ring for several minutes. A physician declared the Italian had suffered a strain of the right leg.

It took 14 seconds to win the second fall and the match.

GRIM ESCAPED KNOCKOUT.

Joe Grim, the human punching bag of Philadelphia, Pa., received a severe drubbing at the hands of Al Rogers, at Erie, Pa., on Nov. 19. Joe did not mind the punishment, and was the receiver from the start.

In the last few rounds Grim turned somersaults to the amusement of the audience. The fifteenth round was the fastest and best of all, and Rogers did his best to put the Philadelphia toy out, but could not do so. Mike Henry, of Erie, was referee, and Matt Scully timekeeper.

MEDICAL.

EUREKA! IF LAGGARD LOVERS, Elderly, Unhappy and Despondent Men could only know of the wonderful, almost instantaneous **Restorative and Vitalizing** power of the latest scientific discovery, **GAU-DE-AMUS** (trademark), when merely locally applied, we should be unable to supply the demand. Harmless as milk, but infallible in results. **No dosing of worthless and injurious drugs.** By Mail, \$1. from the **HERBAL LABORATORY, 100 COURT STREET, NEWARK, N. J.**

\$1000 for 1c Send postal, your name and address to the Marvin Remedy Co., Dept. B, Detroit, Mich., and receive a free sample of Marvin's Cascara Chocolate Tablets, that will be prized higher than \$1,000 to any sufferer from constipation. In metal boxes only. Twenty-five doses 25c.

PERFIZONE will strengthen, enlarge and develop the muscles or any part of the human body. Simple, efficient and always successful. \$1,000 standing reward for a case of failure. By mail \$1.00, sealed plain **WESTON REMEDY CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

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Cures Drunkards

Mary's Miracle.

The day of working miracles, I'm sure is far from past. And now to show you what I mean, I'll tell you of the last Great one that happened right to me, For I was part of it, you see.

You know the life I used to lead—O God, a living death. A drunkard of the hopeless kind—For, scarce a sober breath I ever drew, and hope and pride Were lost to me and nearly all beside.



One friend alone was left—my wife, God bless her ev'ry hour! She saved me from a drunkard's grave, And whiskey's wicked power. Just how she saved me you shall see—This is the way she told it me.

When hope was almost dead within Her faithful, constant breast, She read of Dr. Haines' Cure, Then without stay or rest, She sent for one Trial Sample free, And gave it unbeknown to me!

I drank of it at ev'ry meal— I ate it in my bread, While Mary watched me anxiously, But ne'er a word she said; Until one day I stopped to think, That I had lost my love for drink!

When, quite unconscious I was cured, My Mary told me all; It seemed the very act of God, A modern miracle; I call it this, because my wife And Haines' Cure had saved my life.

And now my little story's done, My ev'ry word is true, And what this treatment did for me, The same 'twill do for you; And wives and mothers, one and all, Take heart of Mary's Miracle.

Save those near and dear to you from a life of degradation, poverty and disgrace. You can do it by cutting out this coupon.

Free Treatment Coupon.

Fill in your name and address on blank lines below. Then cut out this coupon and mail it to Dr. J. W. Haines, 7655 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. You will receive in return enough of the remedy to prove to you that it will cure drunkenness in any form. You give it in tea, coffee or food. The drunkard will stop drinking without knowing why. You will also get books and testimonials to prove how hundreds have been saved.

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It forces the blood into the Pelvic organs and gives renewed Vigor and Strength. **NO DRUGS** used, and recommended by Physicians as the most successful treatment in the world to-day. Price within the reach of all. Send for our circulars.

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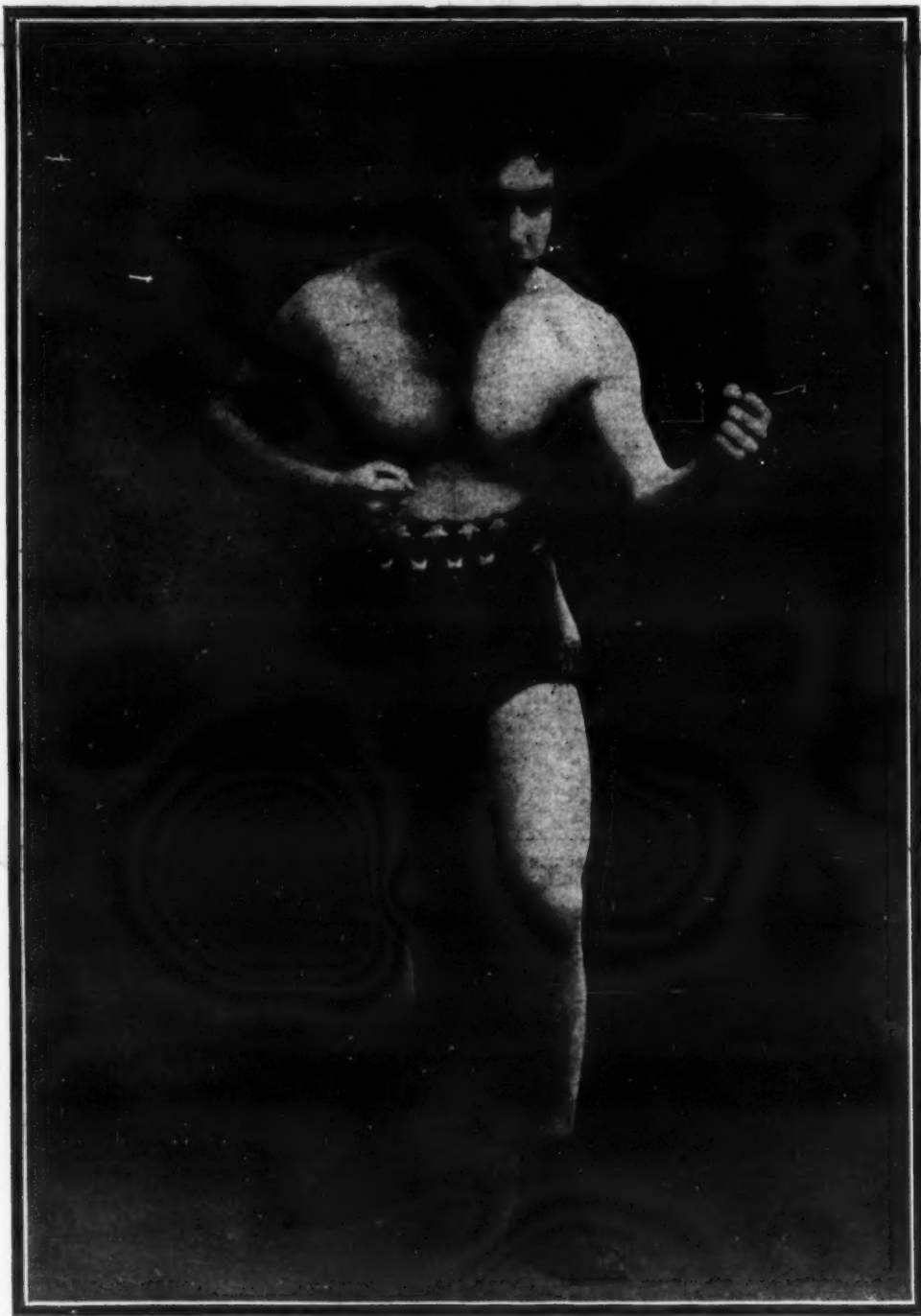
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